THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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DEACON & PETERSON, Publishers,
No. 319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

MUSIC.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Oh, strike the chords!—yet once again
Awake those notes remembered well;
And let the soft, the tender strain
Of early hours divinely swell;
Alas! my world-worn heart seemed dead,
Its thrills of hopeful feelings past,
Yet that dear music o'er it shed,
Fell soft, to bid them wake at last.

As pilgrim by some bubbling well,
Stands parched by summer's burning heat,
And feels delight within him swell,
To view, to drink the waters sweet;
E'en thus, my soul, mid life's drear waste,
Athirst from weary wand'rings long,
To music's rippling fount would haste,
And taste the flow of soothing song.

The mists are gathering o'er mine eyes,—
The dews of memory's morning flowers,—
Which, waked by music's tender sighs,
Bring back the scenes of vanished hours:
And blending with that trembling swell,
Come tones like those so loved of yore,
And voices dear, remembered well,
Seem melting on mine ear once more.

Then strike! oh, strike! each melting tone
Unto my list'ning soul is dear,
As falling showers to deserts lone,
Whose ev'ry plant is dried and sere;
Yes! strike the chords!—let once again
Those notes of happy hours arise;
My heart shall lie beneath the strain,
And dream of joy—or melt in sighs.

FRANK.

SQUIRE TREVLYN'S HEIR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "VERNER'S PRIDE," "EAST LYNNE," "THE CHANNINGS," ETC.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1863, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XXXIV.

A WELCOME HOME FOR MR. CHATTAWAY.

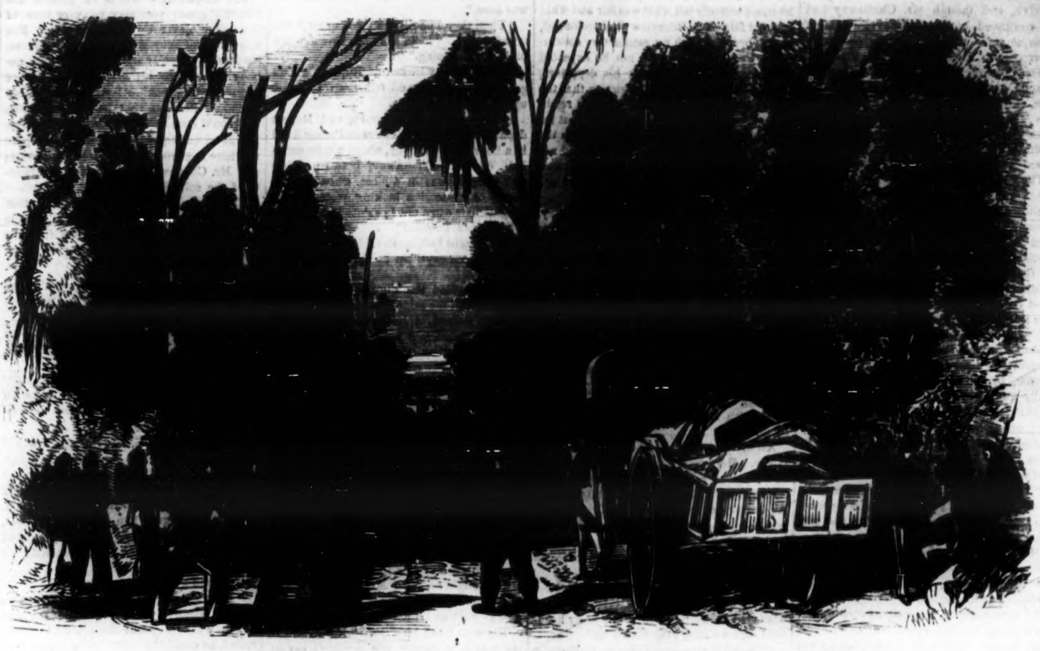
Was there a fate upon the master of Trevlyn Hold?—was he never to be at rest?—could not even one little respite be allowed him in this, the first hour of his return to his home? It seemed not. He was turning into the first of those fields you have so often heard of next to the one which had been the scene of poor Mr. Ryle's unhappy end, when a tall man suddenly pounced in his way, and came to a standstill, and spoke.

"I believe I am not mistaken in supposing that I address Mr. Chattaway?"

In his panic Mr. Chattaway nearly dropped a small parcel which he held. An utter fear had taken possession of him, even to the loss of his self-possession; for in the speaker he recognized that dreaded enemy; that man who had proclaimed that he was about to work evil against him. It seemed like a terrible ill omen, the meeting him in this, the first moment of his arrival.

"I have been wishing to see you for some days past," continued the stranger, "and have been to the Hold three or four times to ask if you had come home. I was a friend of the late Joe Trevlyn's. I am a friend now of his son."

"Yes," stammered Chattaway—for in his great fear he did not follow his first impulse, which had been to meet the words with a torrent of anger.



ARMY OF GENERAL BANKS ON THE MARCH TO ALEXANDRIA ON THE RED RIVER.

The above, engraved expressly for THE POST from "Frank Leslie's Newspaper," represents the march of General Banks's troops through the woods of Louisiana to the Red River. Down the Red River they appear to have gone in boats, to the Mississippi, landing below Port Hudson.

"May I ask what it is you want with me?"

"I wish to converse with you upon the subject of Rupert Trevlyn. I would endeavor to impress upon your notice the grievous wrong inflicted upon him in keeping him out of the Hold—the property of his forefathers. I do not think you can ever have reflected properly upon the matter, Mr. Chattaway, or can have looked upon it in its true light—otherwise you would surely never deprive him of what is so indisputably his."

Mr. Chattaway, his fears taking deeper and deeper possession of him, had turned in to the field, in the hope of walking away from the stranger. In any direction, no matter what, so that he could be rid of him—for what to answer he did not know. It must be conciliation or defiance; but he could not decide in that hurried moment which would be the best policy. The stranger also turned and kept up with him.

"My name is Daw, Mr. Chattaway. You may possibly remember it, for I had the honor of a little correspondence with you about the time of Mrs. Trevlyn's death. It was I who transmitted to you the account of the birth of the boy Rupert. I am now informed that that fact was not suffered to reach the ears of Squire Trevlyn."

"I wish to hear nothing about it, sir; I desire to hold no communication with you at all," cried Mr. Chattaway, bearing on his way.

"But it may be better for you that you should do so, and I ask it in courtesy," persisted Mr. Daw, striding beside him. "Appoint your own time and place, and I will wait upon you. These things are always better settled amicably than the reverse: litigation generally brings a host of ill in its train; and Rupert Trevlyn has no money to risk in it. Not but that his costs could come out of the estate," equably concluded Mr. Daw.

The master of Trevlyn Hold turned passionately round, arresting his course for an instant.

"Litigation! what do you mean? How dare you speak to me in this manner? Who but a footpad would accost a gentleman by night, as you are accosting me?"

The discourteous thrust did not seem to put out Mr. Daw.

"I only wish you to appoint a time to see me—at your own home, or anywhere else that you please," he reiterated, not losing his good manners. "But I am not to be baulked in this, Mr. Chattaway. I have taken up the cause of Rupert Trevlyn, and I shall try and carry it through."

A whole blaze of anger burst from Mr. Chattaway. His words, his tones were alike fiercely passionate, and Mr. Daw turned away.

"I will see you when you are in a more reasonable mood," he said. "To-morrow I will call at the Hold, and I hope you will meet me more amicably than you have done to-night."

"I will never meet you; I will never see or listen to you," retorted Mr. Chattaway, his anger over-mastering him and causing him to forget prudence. "If you want to know by what right I retain the Hold over the boy, Rupert Trevlyn, go and consult Squire Trevlyn's will. There! That is the only answer you will get from me."

Panting with the anger he could not restrain, Mr. Chattaway stood and watched the retreating and calm steps of the stranger, and then turned his own in the direction of home; unconscious that he in his turn was also watched, and by two who were very close to him—George Ryle and Maude Trevlyn.

They—as you remember—proceeded immediately to Trevlyn Farm; and words were spoken between them which no time could efface. Impulsive words, telling of the love that had long lain in the heart of each, almost as suppressed, quite as deep, as that great dread which had made the skeleton in Mr. Chattaway's.

The hilarity of the evening had made much progress, they found on entering. Harvest homes are generally rather steady affairs at the commencement of the evening, for the men are shy and awkward; but this is overgot with the supper. The company were seated round the table eating away; and one, more demonstrative than the rest, had yielded to the solicitations of his malicious neighbors, and burst out into a song before the time. The parlor-door was crowded with merry faces, and the poor man sang on, unconscious that he was being laughed at. Mrs. Ryle and others were at one end of this room; but George steered Maude direct to the parlor; and the group round its door made way for her, and welcomed her noisily.

But there came no smile to the face of Octave Chattaway. Pushing her way through the rest with a severe eye and stern tone, she confronted Maude. Her lips were drawn in with anger.

"Maude Trevlyn, what do you do here? How dared you come?"

"Is there any harm in it, Octave?"

"Yes, there is," said Miss Chattaway, with flashing eye. "There is harm, because I desired that you would not come. A pretty thing for Mrs. Ryle to be invaded by some half-dozen of us! Have you no sense of propriety?"

"Not a bit of it," gayly interrupted George. "Nobody understands that, in connection with a harvest home. I have been to the Hold for Miss Maude, Octave; and I should have brought Edith and Emily, but they were in bed."

"In bed!" exclaimed Caroline Ryle, in surprise.

"Having retired to it in mortification and tears at being excluded from the delights of the harvest home," continued George, with mock gravity. "Miss Chattaway had preached propriety to them, and they could only bow to it. We must manage things better another time."

Octave's cheeks burnt. Was George Ryle speaking this in ridicule?—ridicule of her? To stand well with him, she would have risked much.

"They are better at home," she quietly said; "and I have no doubt Mrs. Ryle thinks so. Two of us are enough to come. Quite enough, in my opinion," she pointedly added, turning a reproving look on Maude. "I am surprised that you should have intruded—"

"Blame me, if you please, Miss Chattaway—if you deem that any blame is due," interrupted George. "I have a will of my own, you know, and I took possession of Miss Maude and brought her, whether she would or no."

Octave raised her hand and pushed her hair back with an impatient movement.

"I dare say she was nothing loth to come."

"Why should she be? You have thought it worth coming to, and so may others. I wish, Octave, you had allowed all to come," he added, changing his tone to seriousness. "They would have liked it, and we should have been very pleased to welcome them."

"I thought of the number—the invasion it would be," she murmured, her eyes falling before his, and her voice dropping to softness.

George Ryle turned away. He was no vain man, but it was next to impossible to mistake these signs; and not by word or look would he give the faintest coloring of hope to them. If Octave could but have read the indifference at his heart! nay, more—his positive dislike.

"Did you see anything of Rupert, George?" she asked, recalling his attention to herself.

"I saw nothing of anybody but Maude. I might have laid hands on all I found; but there was nobody to be met, Maude excepted."

"And she would have been better left," returned Octave, allowing some asperity to be perceptible in her tone.

"No doubt," acquiesced George, with equanimity. "We should all be the better often for doing exactly the contrary to what we do. What makes you so cross about it, Octave?"

She laughed pleasantly.

"I am not cross. Don't fancy things. George," she added, in a lower voice, "sometimes I think you do not understand me. You seem to—"

Octave's words died away. Coming in at the door was the tall conspicuous form of the parsonage guest, Mr. Daw, who had made one of the group looking on in the other room. Maude was just then standing apart, and he went deliberately up to her and kissed her forehead.

Startled and resentful, a half cry escaped her lips, and she turned instinctively towards George. But Mr. Daw laid his hand gently on her arm.

"My dear young lady, I may almost claim that as a right. I believe I was the first person, save your mother, who ever pressed a kiss upon your little face. Do you know me?"

Maude faltered in her answer. His appearance and salutation had been altogether so sudden that she was taken by surprise; but she did not fail to recognize him now. Yet she hesitated to acknowledge that she knew him, on account of the presence of Octave Chattaway. Rupert had told her all about the stranger; but it might be inconvenient to say so much to a member of Trevlyn Hold.

"It was I who christened you," he resumed. "It was I who promised your father to—to sometimes watch over you. But I could not keep my promise; circumstances worked against it. And now that I am brought for a short time into the same neighborhood that you inhabit, I may not call to see you."

"Why not?" exclaimed Maude, wondering much.

"Because those who are your guardians deny it to me. I went to the Hold and asked for you, and then became aware that in doing so I had committed something like a crime, or what was looked upon as such. Should Rupert, your brother, regain possession of his father's inheritance and his father's home, then, perhaps, I may be a more welcome visitor to it."

The room stood in consternation. To some of them, at any rate, these words were new; to the ears of Octave Chattaway they were tainted with the darkest treason. Octave had never heard aught of this bold stranger's business at Barbrook, and she gazed at him with defiant eyes and lips apart.

"Were you alluding to the Hold, sir?" she asked in a cold, hard voice, which might have been taken for Chattaway's own.

"I was. The Hold was the inheritance of Rupert's father; it ought to be that of Rupert."

"The Hold is the inheritance of my father," haughtily spoke Octave. "Is he mad?" she added in a half whisper, turning to George.

"Hush, Octave. No."

It was not a pleasant or even an appropriate theme to be spoken of in the presence of Mr. Chattaway's daughters. George Ryle, at any rate, felt it not so to be, and he was glad that a burst of rustic melody, so loud as to drown everything else for a time, came overpoweringly at that moment from the feast in the other room. One of the company had been seduced to favor the table with that renowned song "Young Roger of the Valley."

Under cover of the noise, Octave approached Nora. Nora immediately drew an apple-pie before her, and began to cut unlimited servings from it, making believe to be entirely absorbed by her work. She had not the least inclination for a private interview with Miss Chattaway. Miss Chattaway was one, however, not easily repulsed.

"Nora, tell me—who is that man, and what brings him here?"

"What man, Miss Chattaway?" asked Nora, indifferently, unable quite to help herself. "Ann Canham, how many are there to serve with pie still?"

"*That* man. That bold, bad man who has been speaking so strangely."

"Does he speak strange?" retorted Nora. "His voice is a gruff one. And what a lot of plum-pudding he is eating. He is our young master's new wagoner, Miss Chattaway."

"Not *he!*" shrieked Octave in her vexation. "Do you suppose I concern myself with these stuffing clodhoppers? I speak of that tall, strange man who is a guest."

"Oh, he," said Nora, carelessly glancing over her shoulder. "Nanny, here's plenty of pie if it's wanted. What about him, Miss Chattaway?"

"I asked you who he was, and what brought him here."

"Then you had better ask it of himself, Miss Chattaway. He goes out with a red umbrella; and that's about all I know of him for certain."

"Why does Mrs. Ryle invite suspicious characters to her house?"

"Suspicious characters! Is he one? Meg Sanders, if you let Jim cram himself with pie in that style, you'll have something to do to get him home. He is stopping at the parsonage, Miss Chattaway; an acquaintance of Mr. Freeman's; I suppose they brought him here to-night out of politeness; it wouldn't have been good manners to leave him at home. He is an old friend of the Trevlyns, I hear; has always believed until now that Master Rupert enjoyed the Hold—can't be brought to believe that he doesn't. It is a state of things that does sound odd to a stranger, you know."

Octave might rest assured that she would not get the best of it with Nora. She turned away with a displeased gesture, and regained the sitting-room, where refreshments for Mrs. Ryle's friends were now being laid. But somehow the sunshine of the evening had gone out for her. What had run away with it? The ominous words of the stranger? No; the worst sentiment that Octave cast to them was contempt. It was the unsatisfactory manner of George Ryle that vexed her; unsatisfactory, because so intensely calm and equable. And those calm, matter-of-fact manners, returned from one beloved, tell sorely upon the heart.

The evening passed, and it grew time to leave. Cris Chattaway and Rupert had come in, and they all set off in a body to Trevlyn Hold—those who had to go to it. George went out with them.

"Are you coming?" asked Octave.

"Yes, part of the way."

So Octave stood, ready to take his arm, never supposing but that he would offer it; and her pulses began to beat. But he turned round as if waiting for something, and Octave could but walk a few steps on. Soon she heard him coming up with a brisk step, and she turned to him. Turned to him. And then her heart seemed to stand still, and bound on again with fiery quickness, and a flush of anger dyed her brow. He had taken Maude on his arm.

"Oh, George, do not let Maude trouble you," she exclaimed. "Cris will take care of her. Cris, come and relieve George of Maude Trevlyn."

"Thank you, Octave; it is no trouble,"

replied George, his tone one of purposed indifference. "As I brought Maude out, it is only fair that I should take her home—the task falls to me, you see."

Octave did not see it at all, and she pursued her way sullenly and resentfully; something very like hatred for Maude taking possession of her breast. It is not pleasant to write of these things, especially when they may be looked upon as somewhat misplaced; but I know of few histories where they can be entirely avoided, if the whole truth has to be adhered to, for many an evil are the passions that assail the undisciplined human heart.

"Good-bye, and God bless you!" George whispered to Maude as he quitted her. "This night begins a new era in our lives."

The Hold was busy when they entered it. Mrs. Chattaway and her sister had just returned from Barmester, and were greeted by Mr. Chattaway. They had expected to see him for so many days past, and been always disappointed, that his appearance brought surprise now. He answered the questions evasively, as to where he had been, put to him by Mrs. Chattaway and Octave. Business had kept him, was all they could get.

"I cannot think what you have done for clothes, James," said Mrs. Chattaway.

"I have done very well," he retorted. "I bought a shirt."

But it was not upon the score of his wardrobe, or what had kept him so long, that Miss Diana Trevlyn required speech of Chattaway. She had been waiting all that while, since the first morning of his absence, for information on a certain point, and she now demanded it in a peremptory manner.

"Chattaway," she began when the rest had dispersed, and she waited with him, "I have had a strange communication made to me. In that past time—carry your thoughts back to it, if you please—when there came to this house the news of Rupert Trevlyn's birth and his mother's death—do you remember it?"

"Yes, I do," said Mr. Chattaway. "What should hinder me?"

"The tidings were conveyed by letter. Two letters came, the second a day subsequent to the first."

"Well?" returned Mr. Chattaway, believing the theme, in some shape or other, was to haunt him forever. "What of the letters?"

"In that last letter, which must have been a thick one, there was a communication inclosed for me."

"I don't remember it," said Chattaway.

"It was no doubt there. A document written at the request of Mrs. Trevlyn; constituting me the guardian to the two children. What did you do with it?"

"I?" returned Chattaway, and he spoke with apparent surprise, and looked full at Miss Diana with an unmoved face. "I did nothing with it. I don't know anything about it."

"You must have taken it out and suppressed it," observed Miss Diana.

"I never saw it or heard of it," obstinately persisted Chattaway. "Why should I? You might have been their appointed guardian, and welcome, for me: you have chiefly acted as such. I tell you, Diana, I neither saw it nor heard of it: you need not look so suspiciously at me."

"Is he telling the truth?" thought Miss Diana, and she still lifted not her eyes from the study of Mr. Chattaway's face. But that gentleman possessed a remarkably inscrutable one, and it never appeared more so than at this moment.

"If he did *not* do anything with it," continued Miss Diana in her train of thought, "what could have become of the thing? Where can it be?"

CHAPTER XXXV.

MR. CHATTAWAY IN GRIEF.

A few days passed on, and strange rumors began to be rife in the neighborhood. Various rumors, vague at the best; but all tending to one point—that the true heir was coming to his own again. They penetrated even to the ears of Mr. Chattaway, putting that gentleman in a state not to be described. Some said a later will of the Squire's had been found; some said a will of Joe Trevlyn's; some that it was now discovered the estate could only descend in the direct male line, and that, consequently, it had been Rupert's all along. Chattaway was in a raging, inward fever; it preyed upon him perpetually; it turned his days to darkness. He seemed to look upon Rupert with the most intense suspicion, as if it were from him alone—from his plotting and working, you understand—that the evil would come. He feared to trust him out of his sight; to leave him by himself for a single minute. When he went to Blackstone he took Rupert with him; he hovered about there all day, keeping Rupert in view, and he brought him back in the evening. Miss Diana had not yet bought the pony she spoke of for Rupert's use, and Chattaway either mounted him on an old horse that was good for little now, and rode by his side, or else drove him over. Rupert was intensely puzzled at the new consideration for him, and could not make it out.

One morning Mr. Chattaway so far sacrificed his own ease as to contemplate walking over. The horses were wanted that day, and he told Rupert they would walk. "Very well," Rupert answered, in his half-careless, half-obedient fashion, "it was all the same to him." And so they started. But as they were going down the avenue a gentleman was discerned coming up it. Mr. Chattaway drew his eyes together and peered at him; his sight for a distance was not quite so good as it had been.

"Who's this?" asked he of Rupert.

"It is Mr. Peterby," replied Rupert.

"Mr. Peterby!" ejaculated Chattaway. "What Peterby?"

"Peterby of Barmester; the lawyer," explained Rupert, wondering that there was any need to ask.

For only one gentleman of the name of Peterby was known to Trevlyn Hold, and Mr. Chattaway was, so to say, familiar with him. He had been the solicitor of Squire Trevlyn, and though Mr. Chattaway had not continued him in that post for himself when he succeeded to the estate, preferring to employ Mr. Flood, he yet knew him well. His ejaculation, "What Peterby?" had not escaped him so much in doubt as to the man, but as to what he could want with him. But Mr. Peterby was the solicitor for some of his tenants, and he supposed some business might be arising touching the renewal of leases.

They met. Mr. Peterby was an active little man of more than sixty years, with a healthy color in his face, and the remains of auburn hair. He had walked all the way from Barmester, and enjoyed the walk as much as a schoolboy.

"Good morning, Mr. Chattaway," he said, holding out his hand, "I am fortunate to meet you. I came early, to catch you before you went to Blackstone. Can you give me half an hour's interview?"

Mr. Chattaway thought he should not like to give the interview. He was in a cross temper, in no mood for business, and he really wanted to be at Blackstone. Besides all that, he had no love for Mr. Peterby.

"I am pressed for time this morning," he replied, "am much later than I ought to have been. Is it anything particular that you want me for?"

"Yes, it is; very particular," was the answer, delivered in an uncompromising tone. "I must request you to accord it me, Mr. Chattaway."

Mr. Chattaway turned back to the house with his visitor. He marshalled him into the drawing-room, and Rupert remained whistling at the hall door.

"I have come upon a curious errand, Mr. Chattaway, and no doubt an unwelcome one; though, from what I hear, it may not be altogether unexpected," began the gentleman, as they took seats opposite each other. "A question has been arising of late, whether Rupert Trevlyn may not possess some right to the Hold. I am here to demand of you if you will give it up to him."

Was the world coming to an end? Chattaway thought it must be. He sat and stared at the speaker as if he were in a dream. Was *everybody* turning against him? was the awful thing coming publicly upon him, without disguise? He rubbed his handkerchief over his hot face, and imperiously demanded of Mr. Peterby what on earth he meant, and where he could have picked up his insolence.

"I am not about to wrest the estate from you, Mr. Chattaway, or to threaten to wrest it," was the answer. "You need not fear that. But—you must be aware that you have for the last twenty years enjoyed a position that ought in strict justice to belong to the grandson of Squire Trevlyn."

"I am not aware of anything of the sort," groaned Chattaway. "What do you mean by 'wresting the estate?'"

"Softly, my good sir; there's no cause for you to put yourself out with me. I am come on a straightforward, peaceable errand; not one of war. A friendly errand, if you will allow me to express myself."

The master of Trevlyn Hold could but marvel at the speech. A friendly errand!—the requiring him to give up his possessions!

Mr. Peterby proceeded to explain; and as there is no time to give the interview in detail, the explanation for us shall be condensed. It appeared that the Rev. Mr. Daw had in his zeal sought out the solicitors of the late Squire Trevlyn. He had succeeded in impressing upon them a sense of the great injustice dealt out to Rupert; he had avowed his intention of endeavoring by any means in his power, to remedy this injustice; but at this point he had been somewhat obscure, and had, in fact, caused (perhaps inadvertently) the lawyers to imagine that this power was something real and tangible. Could there be (they asked themselves afterwards) any late will of Squire Trevlyn's which would supersede the old one? It was the only one hinge on which the matter could turn; and Mr. Daw's mysterious hints certainly helped them to the thought. But he, Mr. Daw, had said, "Perhaps Chattaway will give up amicably, if you will urge it upon him," and Mr. Peterby had now come with that purpose.

"But it is utterly absurd what you say," urged Chattaway, the long explanation, which Mr. Peterby had given in an open and candid manner, having afforded him time to recover somewhat of his fears and his temper. "I can take upon myself most positively to assert that there was no will or codicil made, or attempted to be made, by Squire Trevlyn, subsequent to the one on which I inherit. Your house drew that up."

"I know we did," replied the lawyer. "But that does not prove that none was drawn up after it."

"But I tell you that there was not. I am certain upon the point."

"Well, it was the only conclusion we could come to," rejoined Mr. Peterby. "This Mr. Daw must have some grounds for urging on the thing; he'd not be so stupid as to do so if he had none."

"He has none," said Chattaway.

"Ah, but I am sure he has. But for being convinced of this, do you suppose I should have come to you now, asking you to give up an estate which you have so long enjoyed? I assure you I came as much in your interests as in his. If there is anything agate by which you can be disturbed, it is only fair that you should know of it."

Fair! In Mr. Chattaway's frame of mind, he could scarcely tell what was fair and what was not fair. The interview was prolonged, but it brought forth no satisfactory conclusion. Perhaps one could not be expected from it. Mr. Peterby took his departure, fully impressed with the conviction that the present owner of Trevlyn Hold would retain its possession to the end, would contest for it inch by inch; and as he walked down the avenue he asked himself whether he had not been induced to enter upon a fool's errand, in coming to suggest that it should be voluntarily resigned.

The master of Trevlyn watched him away, and then opened the breakfast room door with a jerk. "Where's Rupert?" he inquired, not seeing Rupert there.

"Rupert?" answered Mrs. Chattaway, looking up. "I think he has gone to Blackstone."

"What makes you think that?" growled Mr. Chattaway.

"Because he wished me good morning, and walked away down the avenue. 'Good-bye, Aunt Edith, I'm off,' he said. He was standing at the hall door: it was just as you went with Mr. Peterby into the drawing-room.

All things seemed to be against Mr. Chattaway. Here was Rupert out of his sight now; it was hard to say where he might have gone, or what mischief he might be in. As he turned from the door, Cris Chattaway's horse—the unlucky new one which had done the damage to the dog-cart—was brought up, and Cris appeared, prepared to mount him.

"Where are you going, Cris?"

"Nowhere in particular this morning," answered Cris. "I have got a nasty headache, and a canter may take it off."

"Then I'll ride your horse to Blackstone, if you don't want him," returned Mr. Chattaway. "Alter the stirrups, Sam."

"Why, where's your horse?" cried Cris, with a very blank look.

"Being physicked," shortly returned Mr. Chattaway.

He mounted the horse and rode away, his many cares perplexing him. A wall of demarcation from all good fortune seemed to be rising up round about him; and the catastrophe he so dreaded—a contest between himself and Rupert Trevlyn for the legal possession of the Hold—appeared to be drawing within the range of probability. In the gloomy prospect before him, only one loophole of escape presented itself to his imagination—the death of Rupert.

But you must not think worse of Mr. Chattaway than he deserves. He did not deliberately contemplate any such calamity; he did not set himself to hope for it. The imagination is rebelliously evil, often uncontrollable by will; and the thought rose up unbidden and unwished for. Mr. Chattaway could not help it; he could not at first drive it away again; the somewhat dangerous argument, "Were Rupert dead I should be safe, and it is the only means by which I can feel assured of safety," did linger with him longer than was expedient: but he never for one moment contemplated the contingency as an event likely to take place; most certainly it never occurred to him that he could be an accessory to it. Though not a particularly good man, especially in the way of temper and of covetousness, Mr. Chattaway would have started with horror from himself had he supposed he could ever be so bad as that.

He rode swiftly along in the charming autumn morning, urging his horse to a fierce gallop. Was his haste merely caused by his anxiety to be at Blackstone, or that he would escape from his own thoughts? He rode direct up to the coal mine, to the mouth of the pit. Two or three men, looking like blackamoors, were about there.

"Why are you not down at work?" angrily demanded Mr. Chattaway. "What do you do, idling here?"

They had been waiting for Pennet, the men replied. But word had just been brought that Pennet was not coming.

"Where is he?" asked Mr. Chattaway. "Skulking again?"

"I dunna think he be skulking, sir," was the reply of one. "He be bad abed."

An angry frown darkened Mr. Chattaway's countenance. Truth to say, this man, Pennet, though a valuable workman from his great strength, his perseverance when he was in the pit, did occasionally absent himself from it, to the wrath of his overseers; and Mr. Chattaway knew that the words "bad abed" might be only a cover for taking a holiday in the drinking shop.

"I'll soon see that," he cried. "Bring that horse back. If Pennet is skulking, I'll discharge him this very day."

He had despatched his horse round to the stable by a man, but he now got on him again, and was riding away, after ordering the men down to their work, when he stopped to ask a question respecting one of his overseers.

"Is Bean down the shaft?"

No; the men thought not. They believed he was round at the office.

Mr. Chattaway turned his horse's head toward's the office, and galloped off, reining in at its door. The clerk Ford and Rupert Trevlyn both came out.

"Oh, so you have got here!" ungraciously grunted Mr. Chattaway at Rupert. "I want Bean."

"Bean's in the pit, sir," replied Ford.

"The men told me he was not in the pit," returned Mr. Chattaway. "They said he was here."

"Then they know nothing about it," observed Ford. "Bean has been down in the pit all the morning."

Mr. Chattaway turned to Rupert. "You go down the shaft, and tell Bean to come up. I want him."

He rode away as he spoke, and Rupert departed for the pit. The man Pennet lived in a hovel, one of many, about a mile and a half distant. Chattaway, between haste and temper, was in a heat when he got there. A masculine looking woman with tangled hair came out to salute him.

"Where's Pennet?"

"He's right bad, master."

Mr. Chattaway's lip curled. "Bad from drink?"

"No," replied the woman, defiantly; for the owner of the mine was held in no favor, and this woman, at least, was of too recklessly independent a nature to conceal her sentiments when provoked. "Bad from rheumatiz."

He got off his horse, rudely pushed her aside, and penetrated in-doors. Pennet was dressed, but was lying on a wooden settle, as the benches were called in that district.

"I be too bad for the pit to-day, sir; I be, indeed. This rheumatiz have been a flying about me for weeks; and now its a-settled in my loins, and I can't stir 'em."

"Let's see you walk," responded Mr. Chattaway.

Pennet got off the bench, it seemed with difficulty, and walked across the brick floor slowly, his arms behind him.

"I thought so," said Mr. Chattaway. "I knew you were skulking. You are as well able to walk as I am. Be off to the pit."

The man lifted his face. "If you was in the pain I be, master, you wouldn't say so. I mote drag myself down to 'im, but I couldn't work."

"We will see that," said Mr. Chattaway, in his determined manner. "You'll work to-day, my man, or you'll never work again for me: so you may take your choice."

There was a pause. Pennet looked irresolute, the woman bitter. Perhaps what these people hated most of all in Chattaway was his personal interference—his petty tyranny. What he was doing now—the looking up of the hands—was the work of an overseer; not of the owner.

"Come," he authoritatively repeated. "I shall see you start before me. We are too busy for half of you to be basking in idleness. Are you going, Pennet? You work to-day, or you leave the pit, just which you please."

The man glanced at his children; a ragged little group, cowering in silence in a corner, awed by the presence of the master; took his cap without a word, and limped slowly away, though apparently scarcely able to drag one foot before the other.

"Where be your bowels?" cried the woman in her audacity, placing herself before Mr. Chattaway.

"I know where my whip will be if you don't get out of my way and change your tone," was his answer. "What do you mean, woman, by speaking so to me?"

"Them as have got no compassion for their men, but treads 'em down like so many beasts o' burden, may come, perhaps, to be treaded down themselves, and then they'll remember," was the woman's retort, as she withdrew out of Mr. Chattaway's vicinity.

He made no answer, save that he lifted his whip significantly. As he rode off, he saw Pennet pursuing his way to the mine by the nearest path—a narrow path, inaccessible to horses. When he was parallel with the man, he lifted his whip as significantly at him as he had done at the wife, and then urged his horse to a gallop. It was a busy day with them, both in the office and the mine; and Chattaway, taking as you perceive, a somewhat practical part in his affairs, had wished to be present some two hours before. Consequently, these delays had not improved his temper.

About mid-way between where the Pennets lived and the mine, were the decaying walls of what had once been a shed. Part of the wall was still standing, about breast high. It lay right in Mr. Chattaway's way—that is, in his straight, *direct* way; one single minute given to turning either to the right or the left, and he would have avoided it. But he saw no reason for avoiding it; he had leaped it often; it was not likely that he would in his hurry turn from it now.

He urged his horse to it, and the animal was in the very act of taking the leap, when there interposed a sudden obstacle. A beggar man, who had been quietly ensconced on the other side, basking in the sun and eating his dinner—some crusts from a wallet—heard the movement, and not wishing to be run over or leaped upon, started up to fly out of danger. The movement, so close and sudden, startled the horse, causing him to strike the wall instead of clearing it; he fell, and his master with him.

The horse was not hurt, and soon found his legs. If the animal had misbehaved himself a few days previously, under the hands of Mr. Cris, he appeared determined to redeem his character now. He stood patient and silent, turning his head to Mr. Chattaway as if waiting for him to get up.

Which that gentleman strove to do. But he found he could not. Something was the matter with one of his ankles, and he was in a towering passion. The offending beggar scuttered off, frightened at his unbounded rage, his threats of vengeance.

The intemperate words of passion did him no good; you may be very sure of that; they never do anybody good. For more than an hour Mr. Chattaway lay there, his horse patiently standing over, and nobody coming to his aid. It would have seemed to him that he lay three times that period of time, but that he had his watch and could consult it as often as he pleased. It was an unfrequented by-road, leading to nowhere in particular, except to the hovels; and Mr. Chattaway had therefore full benefit of the solitude.

The first person to come up was no other than Mrs. Pennet; Mogg Pennet, as she was familiarly called. Her tall, gaunt form came striding along, and her large eyes grew larger as she saw who was lying there.

"Ah, master! what's it your turn a'ready! Have you been there ever sin'? Can't you get up on end?"

"Get assistance," he cried, in a curt tone of authority. "Mount my horse sideways, and you'll go the quicker."

"Na, na; I mount na horse. The brute might be a-flinging me, as it seems he ha' flinged you. Women and horses be best apart. Shall I help you up?"

His ill-conditioned, haughty spirit would have prompted him to say "No;" his helplessness and impatience obliged him to say "Yes." The powerful woman took him by the shoulders and raised him; so far, good. But his ankle gave him intense pain; was, in short, nearly useless, and a cry escaped him. In his agony, he flung her with his elbow rudely from him.

"Go and get assistance, woman."

"Be that'n the thanks I get? Ah! it be coming home to ye, be it! Ye sent my man off to work in pain; he couldn't hardly crawl, he couldn't; how d'ye like pain yerself? If yer leg's broke, squire, ye'll ha' time to lie and think on't."

She strode on, Mr. Chattaway sending an ugly word after her, and soon came in view of the mine—which appeared to be in an unusual bustle. A crowd was collected round the mouth of the pit, and people were running to it from all quarters. Loud talking, gesticulating, confusion prevailed; what could be the cause?

"Happen they be looking for him as is lying yonder!" quoth she. But scarcely were the words out of her mouth when a group of women came in sight, frantically running, frantically throwing their arms aloft, filling the air with their cries and lamentations. Her coarse face grew white and her heart turned sick as the fatal truth burst upon her conviction—there had been an accident in the mine!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE STARS AND BARS.

When Davis, from a cistern-pole,
Unfurled his dry goods to the air,
He ripped a crimson flannel shirt
And sewed some azure ticking there.
Then, from *the place that has no floor*
He called the person saints abhor,
And gave into his sulph'ry hand
The symbol of his chosen band.
Ere the "last drop of blood" (or even
The first) is "shed before high Heaven,"
The Chivalry display that rag,
Distinguished by the title "Flag;"
And as they seek the fiery fray,
Filch geese and turkeys by the way.

☞ One of the particularly pleasant stories told by Mr. Gough of his experiences in England, is that of his once being "nearly floored with an H," though it was not so much the misplaced H that hit him as that which accompanied it. He was about to address a large audience on his favorite theme of Temperance, and the chairman, a rotund Englishman, undertook to introduce him. Happening to recollect the miracle of Sampson getting water from the jaw-bone with which he had slain the Philistines, and thinking to turn it to account, he said: "Ladies and gentlemen, I have the honor to hintroduce to you the distinguished lecturer, Mr. John B. Gough, who will address us on the subject of temperance. You know that temperance is thought to be rather a dry subject, but to-night, as we listen to our friend the horator from hover the ocean, we may 'ope to 'ave the miracle of Sampson repeated, and to be refreshed with water from the jaw-bone of a hass!"

☞ When we remember Charlotte Bronte's stormy and sorrowful life, lightened for only a few brief months towards its close by her marriage with her father's curate, Mr. Nicholls, there is a melancholy plaintiveness in her last words. Addressing her husband, she said: "I am not going to die, am I? He will not separate us; we have been so happy."

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 20, 1863.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

JOB PRINTING OFFICE.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST JOB PRINTING OFFICE is prepared to print Books, Pamphlets, Newspapers, Catalogues, Broks of Evidence, &c., in a workmanlike manner, and on reasonable terms.

Apply at the Job Office, No. 106 Hudson's Alley, below Chestnut Street. (Hudson's Alley runs southwardly from Chestnut, between Third and Fourth Streets.)

TO SUBSCRIBERS IN ARREARS.

While we are in the custom of stopping the papers of all Club subscribers to THE POST at the expiration of the term for which they have paid, we have not been in the habit of doing so with all our two-dollar subscribers, especially those who have been on our books for a number of years.

We would beg these latter, however, to remember that the price of paper being so high, is an additional reason why they should forward their yearly subscriptions promptly. As yet we have made no advance in the price to single subscribers, though the cost of paper is double what it was, and far in excess of the advance in prices we have already made.

We trust therefore that all our subscribers who are in arrears will forward their subscriptions at once, and if they procure for us an additional subscriber or two, we shall esteem it as a favor.

THE WAR.

It appears that the rebels have organized a large force of cavalry, artillery, and mounted infantry for a raid into Maryland and Pennsylvania. The recent dash of Pleasanton's over the Rappahannock probably delays the movement somewhat, but while a regular invasion at present is not very probable, a raid at any time is not an improbability; and even a few thousand men may do a great deal of mischief before they are killed or captured. We trust our citizens will respond therefore to the recent proclamations of the Governor and of General Couch, and that the force asked for—and especially the cavalry and artillery portions of it—will be immediately raised. *As for* the pay of the men, the State should provide for that, if the general government has no authority to do it. Many persons cannot afford to wait six months for their pay—and the necessity of having to do so, may greatly retard volunteering. If the rebels get into the state they will soon work greater destruction than the pay of the necessary defenders would amount to.

From the Rappahannock we further hear that Lee's forces have been greatly reinforced from the Carolinas and Georgia. Hooker, we trust, will be able to find this large number of rebels some employment. Eighty thousand men have often proved themselves a match, in the history of the world, for even double their number. A comparatively small army has its advantages in the ease and rapidity with which it can be moved. So you are stronger on the immediate point of contact, is all that is required to insure victory. And perhaps, so far as the raiders are concerned, while Lee's cavalry is away at the North, a sufficient number of Hooker's may be again "canvassing" the South.

From Port Hudson and Vicksburg we have as yet nothing definite. The slow process of siege has to be resorted to in both places, owing to the strength of the defences. Both Grant and Banks, however, seem to be men of great tenacity of purpose—and they will not readily own themselves repulsed. In Tennessee also, Rosecrans—a warrior of the same determined spirit—still holds his lines at Murfreesboro against the rebel assaults. If Vicksburg falls, the rebels must leave Tennessee—and then he whose present *role* is to hold fast, will probably take another part and go forward.

OUR SEWING MACHINE PREMIUM.

An Illinois lady writes to us as follows respecting the sewing machine which a friend of hers has just received as a premium:—

Mrs. —— asks me to acknowledge for her the receipt of a Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine, as a premium for obtaining thirty subscribers for "THE POST." She expresses herself as highly gratified with the machine, and says it not only equals, but surpasses her expectations, and that in no other way could she so easily have obtained a first class machine, and she would recommend any one who wishes to obtain one, either for their own support, or family sewing, to take the same course, (that is obtain subscribers for your paper) and get an excellent machine, and also aid in circulating an excellent paper; for she says many who seemed rather indifferent about the paper, now enjoy it very much, and look eagerly each week for the "SATURDAY EVENING POST."

With many wishes for your prosperity, and thanks for your liberality in offering such a premium, I remain yours, &c.

SKETCHES OF POLISH HISTORY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY G. D. B.

VIII.

By the treaty of Tilsit, which was signed on the 17th of July, 1807, that portion of Poland, which had been under the dominion of Prussia was formed into a separate state, and given the title of Duchy of Warsaw. This new Duchy contained about four millions of inhabitants, and was placed under the sceptre of Frederick Augustus, King of Saxony. In the war which soon afterwards broke out between France and Austria, the Poles warmly espoused the cause of the former, and Prince Joseph Poniatowski by his presence and eloquence, supported by the bayonets of his faithful troops, aroused the populace of Galicia to insurrection against the House of Hapsburg. By the treaty of Vienna this province was attached to the Duchy, and the Polish services thus rewarded.

But notwithstanding the ameliorated condition of their country, the Polish patriots were still discontented; and longed for a restoration of the ancient kingdom. They had hoped that Napoleon would have thus recompensed his Polish legions for their constancy and valor. But the course of the Emperor was very equivocal, and would lead to the suspicion that he was but trifling with their hopes. When in 1812 his grand army occupied Wilna, preparatory to the Russian invasion, his presence excited unbounded enthusiasm among the Poles, who believed that the hour of their deliverance was at hand. Warsaw blazed with festivity, and its streets re-echoed with the shouts of "Poland forever," and "Live the Emperor," whilst everywhere were visible the national cockades of blue and amaranth. Seventy thousand brave Poles swelled the ranks of the French army, and Sarmatia but awaited the permission of Napoleon to be free. But alas, in his situation, he declared he had too many interests to conciliate, too many duties to fulfill to listen with a kindly ear to their humble plea: "Say, sire, that the kingdom of Poland exists, and that declaration will be in the eyes of the world an equivalent to the reality." [Dites, Sire, que le royaume de Pologne existe, et ce decret sera pour le monde l'equivalent de la realité]. This disregard of their claims may justify the complaints of the Polish patriots that Napoleon was ungrateful for their services, but much can be said in excuse of his conduct, and not the least that he had already guaranteed to Austria the integrity of her dominions. The Poles were fully avenged in the miseries of the Russian campaign, but through all its disasters the brave soldiers of the Legions clung firmly to his standard, and fifty thousand perished in his behalf. The Congress of Vienna, which met in 1815, absolved the Duchy of Warsaw and restored its territory to Russian rule, securing to it a separate constitution and administration.

The Emperor Alexander made protestations of attachment to the Polish nation, swore solemnly to respect the constitution, and by an exhibition of clemency gave hopes of a happier future for the kingdom. But these fair promises were soon forgotten, and the Grand Duke Constantine, who exercised as commander-in-chief of the army an almost supreme authority, ruled with the greatest rigor. Every indignity that could be devised was heaped upon the nation: its finances were drained to support large armies and to supply the desires of avaricious officials; the barbarous punishment of the knout was introduced to maintain military discipline; whilst an extensive and expensive system of espionage jealously guarded the safety of the Grand Duke. The Diet was without power or influence; the liberty of the press and of speech was abolished; and the infamous doctrine promulgated that no constitution was of value but the will of the Grand Duke. An outbreak in Russia was made the pretext for many arrests in Poland; and the specious and convenient plea of military necessity was urged in defence of these outrages. On the death of Alexander, who in despite of his faults possessed many good qualities, the Grand Duke Constantine would have succeeded to the throne had he not waived his title many years before, therefore the Grand Duke Nicholas obtained the sceptre. He was crowned in 1825, and by the acts of the first years of his reign evinced the ferocity of his character; and soon the dreary regions of Siberia were filled with Polish patriots, the monarch thinking thus to stifle the enthusiasm which the news of the result of the French revolution of the "days of July" had awakened. But persecution only increased the evil. A secret association composed originally of a few students, quickly spread throughout the provinces, and its officers, after perfecting their arrangements, selected the 29th of November (1830) for the *coup de main* by which they hoped to obtain possession of the person of the Grand Duke, and to disarm the garrison of Warsaw.

On the evening of that day, as the city clocks tolled in unison the hour of eleven, a lurid flame shot from the roof of a dwelling near the Vistula. It was the signal for action. The conspirators rushed from all quarters into the public streets crying:—"Poles, brethren, the hour of vengeance has struck! The time to avenge the tortures and cruelties of fifteen years is come! Down with the tyrants! To arms, brethren, to arms, to arms! Our country forever!" In a few moments the city was alive with insurrection, the native guards revolted *en masse*; the Grand Duke sought safety in flight; and the few troops that remained loyal to the Russian cause were easily dispersed, slain, or captured. General Chlopicki was declared Dictator, and a Provisional Council chosen from the most distinguished of the patriots, including Prince Adam Czartoryski, and the heroic Radzivil. Immediate measures were taken to organize a force to meet the armies which even then were marching towards their frontier. The patriots, under the immediate command of Chlopicki, who was an officer of considerable experience but possessed of few of the characteristics of a great general, extended their lines at an easy distance from the Vistula, which was the natural base of operations, from Pultusk to Seroczyn. The Russian army, composed of two hundred thousand men, under the renowned Marshal Diebitsch, advanced against the forty-five thousand ill armed volunteers, who, in naturally strong positions in marshes and on gently rising hills, awaited their approach. In every combat the Russians were defeated; but the incompetency of the Polish commander deprived his troops of the advantages which their valor had earned. If we may credit the testimony of an eye witness, there was no unity of action among the several corps, and each victory was due to the bravery of the soldiers and the energy of the subordinate officers, rather than to the strategy of the Dictator. The battles of Dobre, Bialolenka, and Grokow, together with many inferior engagements were fought and won during the fall campaign; and in winter quarters behind the Vistula the Polish army defied the attempts of Diebitsch to dislodge them. Chlopicki having wisely resigned the Dictatorship, the civil administration was entrusted to Czartoryski, and the command of the army bestowed on Radzivil, who having soon discovered his inability to lead with success so large a body of men, transferred his appointment to General John Skrzynecki, who had greatly distinguished himself in the preceding campaign. His promotion was hailed with joy by the soldiers and populace, whose confidence he well merited. But it was in vain that this great officer, having reorganized his army, fought with daring and consummate skill the Russian masses; in vain was he seconded by the valor of his troops and the enterprise of his subordinates. The Emperor Nicholas steadily reinforced his army, replacing those who had fallen victims to battle or disease; whilst the patriots day by day grew weak even in the midst of victory. Soon disasters began to encompass them. General Dwernicki having accidentally or necessarily invaded the Austrian territory, he and his whole corps were captured by the troops of that nation. The death of Marshal Diebitsch, which occurred soon after the indecisive battle of Ostrolenka, caused the promotion of General Paskewitch to the command of the Russian forces, who by energetic movements soon recovered the advantages which had been lost by his predecessor. The Polish army in Lithuania having been defeated, a favorable opportunity was offered for offensive operations. He rapidly crossed the Vistula, and in three columns threatened Warsaw. Skrzynecki, perceiving the exposed situation of the invaders, crossed the river also, with the intention to attack the wings and centre of the Russian army in detail. But when he was on the point of consummating this bold plan, which, if successful, would probably have secured the independence of his country, the National Council yielding to the pressure of the malcontents, who demanded impossibilities from their generals, removed Skrzynecki from the command of the army, and appointed Krukowiecki as his successor. The latter was utterly incompetent, and instead of attacking the Russians, fell back to Warsaw. Thus it was that Skrzynecki experienced the same treatment from the hands of an ungrateful country as has often befallen those whose services were too brilliant to receive a just reward. But the pen of the historian has done him full justice, and we are thus furnished with another example of the indestructibility of well merited fame; and we must acknowledge that though jealous contemporaries may ignore the most distinguished talent, impartial history will always place the laurel on the brow to which it rightly belongs. The Polish army mourned the loss of its beloved commander, and though in defence of the capital city, they fought with accustomed valor, they missed the guiding hand of one who had always directed their movements with prudence and skill. It mattered little that they poured out their blood freely on the plain of Vola, and that the fourth regiment rendered itself forever famous, it was but a useless contest, which was soon terminated by the capitulation of the city.

The survivors of the campaign and the members of the diet fled the country, and thousands refused to return to the scene of their glory. Every true heart sympathized warmly with them, and in the German states they received a kindly welcome. They remained exiles from their native land, yet always looking forward to a termination of their banishment, hoping ever for brighter days; and clinging with a constancy, which has won the admiration of the world, to their unhappy brethren who writhed under the Prussian oppression. Poland was severely punished for her rebellion, and "Siberia grew populous with the condemned." Another insurrection which broke out in 1846, was speedily quelled, and resulted in the annexation of the free city of Cracow to the Austrian dominions. Since then the Russian governors have ruled unmercifully over the conquered nation, whose crushed and humbled condition well satisfied the Czar; whilst the situation of the capital, which once rang with the cheers of a free pospolite, is well expressed by the phrase, "order reigns in Warsaw."

Concerning the rebellion now in progress in Poland there can be but little said with certainty, inasmuch as the accounts which have been received are meagre and confused. It appears that an attempt to enforce a conscription of soldiers for the Russian army was the immediate cause of the outbreak, which took place on the twenty-second of last January. This *emeute* has now increased to a revolution, which notwithstanding the efforts of the Emperor Alexander to suppress it, has spread throughout Russian Poland. The insurgents having adopted the guerilla style of warfare, have been able to compete with great success with the Imperial troops. The Provisional Government selected Marian Langiewicz as Dictator, who had served with distinction in the Prussian and Italian service; and with its sanction on the eleventh of March he issued an admirable proclamation to his countrymen. His military operations were at first attended with propitious results; but he was finally defeated, and forced to fly to Galicia, where he was, by order of the Austrian Government, apprehended, and at first confined in the citadel of Cracow, but is now at liberty on parole. Notwithstanding this untoward event the revolution is still progressing, and threatens to induce serious complication in European affairs.

The French nation has always looked with affection on Poland, the Emperor is not unwilling to see the power of Russia diminished, and even now the radical liberalists, headed by Victor Hugo, are hurling anathemas at the unlucky Czar. Austria, though perhaps in danger of losing Galicia, seems to coincide with the French Emperor. In Prussi[illegible] masses sympathize with their Polish brethren, whilst the Government encourages Russia. The English administration is probably averse to interference in the struggle, but the heart of the nation is on the side of liberty.

Sweden, with an eye to Finland; makes a great display of warlike preparations and is apparently ready for the conflict. The kingdom of Italy will follow the course of France, whilst Turkey may be reckoned among the enemies of Russia. In case, therefore, there is any foreign interference, the greater part of Europe will be involved in war. If such a contest should result in the establishment of a Constitutional monarchy in Poland, with a native King, the world need not regret its occurrence. But the consequences may be more important than the mere liberation of Sarmatia. It is but too probable that Louis Napoleon is actuated by the most interested motives, and that he fondly hopes that the reward of his labors may be the extension of the boundaries of his kingdon to the Rhine; a project which he inherits from his illustrious uncle.

Such is the most natural view of the political complexion of Europe; future events will confirm or traverse its truth. It also seems evident that unless assisted by external force the insurgents cannot long withstand the Russian monarch. Their situation is so isolated, their communications so cut off by foreign territory, that they can receive no secret aid from their sympathizers in France, Sweden, or England. Their scythes are but a poor defence against the improved muskets of their enemies; and the large armies against which they contend feel but slightly any loss which they can inflict. But whatever may be the result, the condition of the nation cannot but be improved; and it is even now intimated that Alexander is willing to restore the constitution of 1815.

The relation of the loyal citizens of the United States to this insurrection is somewhat peculiar. The conduct of Alexander towards our nation has won our gratitude, and we are accustomed to regard Russia as our ally and friend, nor can we consider that he is the brute which the French radicals declare him to be. His course since he has been on the throne has been consistent and liberal, and the integrity of his intentions has been evinced by the abolition of the serfdom which degrade his empire. It is the misfortune of Alexander, that in the attempt to ameliorate the condition of his people, he is overwhelmed with internal rebellion and discontent. But while we regret the trouble that has befallen him, we cannot but sympathize with Poland in its efforts to be free; and sincerely hope that out of these complications may issue liberty to that unfortunate nation, and benefit to mankind. We seem to see in the future, Constitutional Poland flourishing in unprecedented prosperity, whilst the banks of the Vistula, forever sacred as the resting place of heroic dead, shall no longer resound with the alarms of war; and Russia itself relieved from the embarrassment which in the possession of Poland it has inherited from a former age, and strengthened by the friendship of a kindred nation, will obtain that position in the eyes of the world which its great geographical extent and natural advantages entitle her to. Thus it appears that friendship for Russia and sympathy for Poland are not incompatible.

A PROPHETIC SPEECH.

Mr. A. H. Stephens, the Vice President of the Southern Confederacy, was at first, as is well known, a strong opposer of the secession movement. The following extract from a speech made by him in the Georgia State Convention, which body finally resolved in favor of secession, is interesting for its wonderfully true picture of what would follow such a movement, as is now shown by the results. Mr. Stephens said:

> The step once taken could never be recalled; and all the baleful and withering consequences that must follow (as they would see) will rest on the convention for all coming time. When we and our posterity shall see our lovely South desolated by the demon of war, which this act of yours will inevitably invite and call forth; when our green fields of waving harvests shall be trodden down by the murderous soldiery and fiery car of war sweeping over our land; our temples of justice laid in ashes; all the horrors and desolations of war upon us, who but this convention will be held responsible for it! and who but him who shall have given his vote for this unwise and ill-timed measure, as I honestly think and believe, shall be held to strict account for this suicidal act by the present generation, and probably cursed and execrated by posterity for all coming time, for the wide and desolating ruin that will inevitably follow this act you now propose to perpetrate? Pause, I entreat you, and consider for a moment what reasons you can give that will even satisfy yourselves in calmer moments—what reasons can you give to your fellow-sufferers in the calamity that it will bring upon us? What reasons can you give to the nations of the earth to justify it? They will be the calm and deliberate judges in the case; and to what cause or one overt act can you name or point on which to rest the plea of justification? What right has the North assailed? What interest of the South has been invaded? What justice has been denied? and what claim founded in justice and right has been withheld? Can either of you to-day name one governmental act of wrong deliberately and purposely done by the government of Washington of which the South has a right to complain? I challenge the answer. While, on the other hand, let me show the facts (and believe me, gentlemen, I am not here the advocate of the North, but I am here the friend, the firm friend and lover of the South and her institutions, and for this reason I speak thus plainly and faithfully for yours, mine and every other man's interest, the words of truth and soberness,) of which I wish you to judge, and I will only state facts which are clear and undeniable, and which now stand as records authentic in the history of our country. When we of the South demanded the slave trade, or the importation of Africans for the cultivation of our lands, did they not yield the right for twenty years? When we asked a three-fifths representation in Congress for our slaves, was it not granted? When we asked and demanded the return of any fugitive from justice, or the recovery of those persons owing labor or allegiance, was it not incorporated in the Constitution, and again ratified and strengthened in the Fugitive Slave Law of 1850? But do you reply that in many instances they have violated this compact, and have not been faithful to their engagements? As individual and local communities, they have done so; but not by the sanction of Government, for that has always been true to southern interest. Again, gentlemen, look at another fact. When we have asked that more territory should be added, that we might spread the institution of slavery, have they not yielded to our demands in giving us Louisiana, Florida and Texas, out of which four States have been carved, and ample territory for four more to be added in due time, if you, by this unwise and impolitic act, do not destroy this hope, and, perhaps, by it lose all, and have your last slave wrenched from you by stern military rule, as South America and Mexico were, or by the vindictive decree of a universal emancipation, which may reasonably be expected to follow. But, again, gentlemen, what have we to gain by this proposed change of our relation to the general Government? We have always had the control of it, and can yet, if we remain in it, and are united as we have been. We have had a majority of the Presidents chosen from the South, as well as the control and management of most of those chosen from the North. We have had sixty years of Southern Presidents to their twenty four, thus controlling the Executive department. So of the Judges of the Supreme Court—we have had eighteen from the South, and but eleven from the North; although nearly four-fifths of the judicial business has arisen in the free states; yet a majority of the Court has always been from the South. This we have required so as to guard against any interpretation of the Constitution unfavorable to us. In like manner we have been equally watchful to guard our interests in the Legislative branch of government. In choosing the presiding Presidents (*pro tem*) of the Senate, we have had twenty-four to their eleven. Speakers of the House we have had, twenty-three, and they twelve. While the majority of the representatives, from their greater population, have always been from the North, yet we have so generally secured the Speaker, because he, to a great extent, shapes and controls the legislation of the country. Nor have we had less control in every other department of the general government. Attorney Generals we have had fourteen, while the North have had but five. Foreign ministers we have had eighty-six, and they but fifty four. While three-fourths of the business which demands diplomatic agents abroad is clearly from the free states, from their greater commercial interests, yet we have had the principal embassies, so as to secure the world's markets for our cotton, tobacco and sugar on the best possible terms. We have had a vast majority of the higher officers of both army and navy, while a larger proportion of the soldiers and sailors were drawn from the North. Equally so of clerks, auditors and comptrollers filling the Executive department, the record shows for the last fifty years that of the three thousand thus employed, we have had more than two-thirds of the same, while we have but one-third of the white population of the republic. Again, look at another item, and one, be assured, in which we have a great and vital interest; it is that of revenue, or means of supporting government. From official documents we learn that a fraction over three-fourths of the revenue collected for the support of government has uniformly been raised from the North. Pause now while you can, gentlemen, and contemplate carefully and candidly these important items. Leaving out of view, for the present, the countless millions of dollars you must expend in a war with the North; with tens of thousands of your sons and brothers slain in battle, and offered up as sacrifices upon the altar of your ambition—and for what, we ask again? Is it for the overthrow of the American government, established by our common ancestry, cemented and built up by their sweat and blood, and founded on the broad principles of right, justice and humanity? And, as such, I must declare here, as I have often done before, and which has been repeated by the greatest and wisest of statesmen and patriots in this and other lands, that it is the best and freest government, the most equal in its rights, the most just in its decisions, the most lenient in its measures, and the most inspiring in its principles to elevate the race of men, that the sun of Heaven ever shone upon. Now, for you to attempt to overthrow such a government as this, under which we have lived for more than three-quarters of a century—in which we have gained our wealth, our standing as a nation, our domestic safety while the elements of peril are around us, with peace and tranquillity, accompanied with unbounded prosperity and rights unassailed—is the height of madness, folly and wickedness, to which I can neither lend my sanction nor my vote.

A BOMBARDMENT.

A correspondent of the N. Y. Tribune thus describes the bombardment of Vicksburg:

> Last evening afforded a fine view of the bombardment of the mortar boats, which the editor of the Vicksburg Whig thought the ladies of the city would so much enjoy beholding from their verandahs. The sight was one of the sublimest I have ever seen, and although a common one in the army, is doubtless novel to many of your readers. The evening might have been more favorable. For the moon, although subdued by a bank of clouds, was at its first quarter, and somewhat obscured the pyrotechnics. The first intimation that a bomb was coming was a lurid flash, like summer lightning from a cloud beneath the horizon. A moment after, a dim spark, like a meteor half aglow, could be seen slowly climbing the sky, momentarily visible, and as often disappearing as the "globe of death," revolved in its upward career. Soon after the fuse of the shell began to ascend, the sound of the discharge would come swinging along the air with a sullen boom. Meanwhile the shell can be seen slowly making its way upward, until it attains an immense altitude, where it hangs for a moment as if poised in the air, then begins to descend slowly at first, but accelerating its velocity till it shoots into the earth with speed of lightning. At the same time you hear a rushing sound, broken somewhat like that of a locomotive in the distance, and ceasing with a sudden thump. Sometimes the shell explodes before reaching the earth, breaking into a puff of flame and smoke. Then follows a sharp crash that makes the earth shake again.
>
> The whole scene is Plutonian and sublime. The rise of the dim far off light through the ether is like the flight of a soul of immortality. The descent is like the fall of Lucifer; "with hideous ruin and combustion, down to bottomless perdition." When the shell explodes just before reaching the earth, the velocity of the fragments thrown in the same direction with the line of descent must be frightful, adding the velocity given by the bursting of the shell, to that acquired by the tremendous mass of iron, after rushing thousands of feet downward through the air. Foster's 20-pound Parrots were moved forward last night to a position almost within pistol shot of the enemy. Three other cannon of a similar description were added to the armament of Gen. Sherman.

NEWS ITEMS.

Flexible Sulphur.—A curious chemical discovery has been made by Dissenbacher, a young German chemist. By the addition of a small quantity of chlorine or iodine, pure sulphur is rendered perfectly soft; and the Paris Academy, to whom the experiment was exhibited by H. Deville, were astonished to see a thin leaf of sulphur thus treated as flexible as if made of wax.

The colored troops in the service are enumerated as follows: General Thomas's recruits, 11,000; under Gen. Banks, 3,000; in Kansas, 1,000; in South Carolina, 3,000; in North Carolina, 3,000; under Gen. Rosecrans, 5,000; under Gen. Schofield, 2,000; Massachusetts regiments, 1,200; in the District of Columbia, 800; total, 30,000. There are also 5 000 colored men in the navy.

In the Democratic State Convention Vallandigham was nominated for Governor on the first ballot, by a vote of 440 out of 461. Ex-Senator Pugh was nominated for Lieut. Governor.

☞ Dr. Johnson's last words, addressed to a young lady standing by his bedside, were: "God bless you, my dear!" And "God bless you! Is that you, Dorah?" were Wordsworth's last words.

Poor Oliver Goldsmith's farewell words are also very plaintive. "Is your mind at ease?" asked his doctor. "No, it is not," was poor Goldsmith's melancholy reply. This was the last sentence he ever uttered, and it is sorrowful, like his life.

☞ A "parliamentary" juror in a court in Western New York interrupted the proceedings last week, by remarking that he considered the labors imposed upon the jury unjustly severe, and believing that a motion to adjourn was always in order, he would move that the court do now adjourn.

☞ An old Dutchman undertook to wallop his son, but Jake turned upon him and walloped him. The old man consoled himself for his defeat by rejoicing at his son's manhood. He said, "Vell, Jake ish a shmart fellow; he can whip his own taddy."

LATEST NEWS.

The pirate Coquette, of Baltimore, a sort of tender to the pirate Florida, captured four vessels off the Capes of Virginia. The vessels captured were the brig Mary Alvina, schooners M. A. Shindler and Kate Stewart, of Philadelphia; and the brig Tacony, of Boston. By way of ruse, the pirate set the American flag at half-mast, a signal of distress. The crews of the captured vessels have arrived at this port. The Coquette was burned by the rebels, and her flag transferred to the Tacony. The Navy Department has promptly despatched vessels in pursuit of the pirate.

Advices from Vicksburg to the 8th inst., state that the lines of our army are in the same position as before reported. A small body of our troops at Sartoria, on the Yazoo river, were met on the 5th instant by a body of rebels, and were forced to retire to Haines' Bluff.

A sharp skirmish occurred on Friday afternoon, near Middletown, Virginia, between a party of 400 rebel cavalry and the 13th Pennsylvania cavalry and 87th Pennsylvania infantry. The result was eight rebels killed and thirty-seven taken prisoners.

An order has been issued for the raising of colored troops in this state. It sets forth that no credit will be allowed for individuals who leave this and enlist in other states. Also, that all persons are prohibited from raising colored volunteers in this state otherwise than under the authority of the War Department.

President Lincoln, in reply to Erastus Corning and others, representing the meeting held at Albany, has addressed those gentlemen a letter. The President's reply is opposed to the resolutions of the meeting, which view the arrest of Mr. Vallandigham as an unnecessary and unconstitutional act.

The steamer Ocean Queen has arrived, with Aspinwall dates of the 9th inst., $315,000 in specie, and 100 passengers. The news of the fall of Puebla is confirmed by this arrival.

The reports from San Francisco are to the effect that a war is imminent between England, France and Japan.

Are we Sound on the Starch Question.—Starch food for infants, such as arrow-root, sago, tapioca, corn-starch, &c., is commonly held to be not only very digestible, but highly nutritious; and yet it is a common experience with medical men to find children so fed to be feeble, sickly, and poorly nourished. Professor Rolleston, of Oxford, has shown the reason of this, and, in an interesting paper recently read by him before the British Association, he has demonstrated, by the record of a series of experiments, that the digestive organs of infants are powerless to convert and digest starch in any degree whatever. The practical value of this important discovery is immense. Children are daily being starved to death, while apparently abundantly fed, through ignorance of this fact; the only real nourishment received by them being the sugar, milk, egg, &c., which are combined with their arrow-root diet.—*Boston Courier.*

☞ The soapmakers of New York and Boston are now using water-glass—*liquor silicum*—as the alkaline constituent in the manufacture of soap. Formerly, they mixed resin largely with the fat, in order to keep down the price of soap; but since the blockade of the Carolinas, whence the supply of resin was drawn, they have had to discover a substitute. They have found, within the last two years, "that highly silicious water-glass assimilates perfectly with soap, and decidedly improves its quality;" and now the so-called "soap-liquid," has come into general use among the soapmakers of the Northern states. There is reason to believe that the cheapness of the article encourages fraud, for we observe that a good-looking soap can be made which contains full 60 per cent. of the silicate, and that some manufacturers, instead of silicated soap, produce "water-glass in bars."

☞ Professor Crace-Calvert of Manchester, has published a series of *Lectures on Coal-tar Colors, and on recent Improvements and Progress in Dyeing and Calico printing,* which is likely to be interesting to others besides manufacturers. We learn, from Professor Crace-Calvert, that by dipping ordinary calico into a weak solution of sulphuric acid, its thickness and strength are so much increased, that it is known technically as "blanket." Paper treated in a similar way is converted into a material resembling parchment; while in the process of singeing, such improvements have taken place, that four thousand pieces can be singed in a day by a machine which consumes not more than one foot of gas for each piece.

☞ Accounts from Sydney represent that a fearful drought has prevailed in Australia. In some localities there had been no rain for fourteen months, and the cattle had died by thousands. One farmer lost 5,000 to 6,000 sheep and lambs; another, 15,000; and all who owned stock of any kind suffered in like manner. No one in the country remembers such a season before. Wood could not be brought into Sydney, as all the bullock teams died on the road for want of water and pasturage. In some parts of the country nothing is met for miles but the bodies and bleached bones of sheep and bullocks.

☞ It is estimated that there will be six thousand canal boats in operation on the Erie Canal this summer, and the pressure of grain is so great that it is believed all the boats will be fully employed. The arrival of grain at Buffalo since navigation opened is greater than ever before.

☞ As gaslight is found to be the best nocturnal police, so the universe protects itself by pitiless publicity.

THE PARTING.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Are you angry, Maud, that you care to say
That our final parting shall be to-day?

Shall never a blush your thoughts reveal,
Must your eyes look cold as burnished steel?

"No throb in your heart for me?" ah, well,
Let the days of the coming future tell.

I am going now, for my country's call
Is so painfully earnest, it summons all;

I am going, but not because you said
That your Love must be warrior living or dead.

No word of yours can have power to stay,
Or hasten my feet on their chosen way;

For the passionate pulse is calm and cold,
And not so feverish as of old.

We have lived together through many a day,
And quarrelled through many a wordy fray.

We have loved—perhaps we have hated more,
We have climbed the hills, and walked by the shore;

Together our favorite poets read,
And mingled our tears o'er the early dead.

We have shared our hopes as well as we can,
You being a woman—and I—a man.

But the female acquaintance you toss away,
May know you better than I, to-day.

Your pride will not stoop to a master will,
And mind is as firm and unyielding still.

You will miss me, Maud, for my scanty praise
Has lightened your labor through gloomy days.

God pity us both, you have been to me,
A beacon on many a stormy sea.

When my step is no longer upon your floor,
My shadow no more in the open door,

Your pride will fall and your spirit cry,
"Life is purposeless, better perhaps to die."

And hot tears, briny as middle-sea,
Go down in repentant grief for me.

If I fall time will doctor the pain and woe,
If I live the sorrow will deeper grow.

Is it not so, Maud? the young girl stood,
As breasting the waves of an angry flood.

And the proud reserve that had been her stay,
With a sudden ebbing tide gave way;

And all the love that she would not speak,
Rushed over her burning brow and cheek.

They parted that day as lovers part,
Their fond hopes resting on either heart;

And a fortnight after a rebel gun,
Silenced forever the voice of *one*—

And the *other* gave thanks at a fearful cost,
That her country had gained what she had lost.

A. F. K.

ELEANOR'S VICTORY.

By the Author of "Aurora Floyd," "Lady Audley's Secret," &c.

CHAPTER XXI.

ON THE TRACK.

The little pony carriage drove on to the station; and Eleanor, like some traveller in a dream, saw the castle walls and turrets, the busy street and hurrying people spin past her eyes, and melt into confusion. She did not know how she entered the railway station, or how she came to be walking quietly up and down the platform with Mrs. Darrell. There was a choking sensation in her dry throat, a blinding mist before her eyes, and a confusion that was almost terrible to bear in her brain. She wanted to get away; anywhere, so long as it was away from all the world. In the meantime, she walked up and down the platform with Launcelot Darrell's mother by her side.

"I am mad," she thought. "I am mad. It *cannot* be so!"

Again and again in the course of Eleanor Vane's brief association with the widow's son, something, some fancy, some shadowy recollection, vague and impalpable as the faintest clouds in the summer sky above Hazlewood, had flashed across her mind, only to be blotted away before she could even try to define or understand it. But now these passing fancies all culminated in one conviction; Launcelot Darrell was the man whom she had seen lounging on the curbstone of the Boulevard on the night of her last parting with her father.

In vain she reasoned with herself that she had no justifiable grounds for this conviction—the conviction remained, nevertheless. The only foundation for her belief that Launcelot Darrell, from amongst all other men, was the one man whom she sought to pursue, was a resemblance in his attitude as he stood lounging in the Windsor street, to the attitude of the young man on the Boulevard. Surely this was the slightest, the weakest foundation on which belief ever rested. Eleanor Vane could acknowledge this; but she could not lessen the force of that belief. At the very moment when the memory of her father, and her father's death, had been furthest from her thoughts, this sudden conviction, rapid and forcible as inspiration, had flashed upon her.

The matter was beyond reason, beyond argument.

The young man loitering listlessly upon the curbstone of the Windsor street, was the man who had loitered on the Boulevard; waiting, sulkily enough, while his companion tempted George Vane to his destruction.

It seemed as if the girl's memory, suddenly endowed with a new and subtle power, took her back to that August night in the year '53, and placed her once more face to face with her father's enemy. Once more the dark, restless eyes, the pale, cowering face, and moustachioed lip, overshadowed by the slouched hat, flashed upon her for a moment, before the sulky stranger turned away to keep moody silence throughout his companion's babble. And with that memory of the past was interlinked the face and figure of Launcelot Darrell; so closely, that do what she would, Eleanor Vane could not disassociate the two images.

And she had suffered this man, of all other men, to tell her that he loved her; she had taken a romantic pleasure in his devotion; day after day, and hour after hour, she had been his companion; sharing his enjoyments, sympathizing with his pursuits, admiring and believing him. This day—this very day—he had held her hand, he had looked in her face, and the words she had spoken to Richard Thornton had proved only a vain boast, after all. No instinct in her own heart had revealed to her the presence of her father's murderer.

Mrs. Darrell looked furtively every now and then at the girl's face. The iron rigidity of that white face almost startled the widow. Was it the expression of terrible grief restrained by a superhuman effort of will?

"Does this girl love my son, I wonder?" the widow thought; and then the answer, prompted by a mother's pride, came quickly after the question. "Yes, how could she do otherwise than love him? How could any woman on earth be indifferent to my boy?"

Something, almost a kin to pity, stirred faintly in the heart which was so cold to every creature upon earth, except this spoiled and prodigal son; and Mrs. Darrell did her best to comfort the banished girl.

"I am afraid you are ill, my dear Miss Vincent," the widow said. "The excitement of this sudden departure has been too much for you. Pray, my dear, do not think that I submit to this necessity without very great regret. You have given me perfect satisfaction in everything you have done, ever since you entered my house. No praises I can bestow upon you in recommending you to a new home will go beyond the truth. Forgive me, forgive me, my poor child; I know I must seem very cruel; but I love my son so dearly—I love him so dearly."

There was real feeling in the tone in which these words were spoken; but the widow's voice sounded far away to Eleanor Vane, and the words had no meaning. The girl turned her stony face towards the speaker, and made a feeble effort to understand what was said to her; but all power of comprehension seemed lost in the bewilderment of her brain.

"I want to get back to London," she said. "I want to get away from this place. Will it be long before the train starts, Mrs. Darrell?"

"Not five minutes. I have put up your money in this envelope, my dear, a quarter's salary, the quarter began in June, you know, and I have paid you up to September. I have paid for your ticket, also, in order that your money might not be broken into by that expense. Your luggage will be sent to you to-morrow. You will get a cab at the station, my dear. Your friends will be very much surprised to see you, no doubt."

"My friends!" repeated Eleanor, in an absent tone.

"Yes, the good music-mistress and her son. I have your address, Miss Vincent, and you may rely on hearing from me in a few days. I shall take care that you suffer no inconvenience from this sudden change in all our plans. Good bye, and God bless you, my dear!"

Eleanor had taken her seat in the carriage by this time, and the train was about to move. Mrs. Darrell held out her hand: but the girl drew away from her with a sudden movement of terror. "Oh, please do not shake hands with me!" she cried. "I am very, very unhappy."

The train moved away before the widow could reply to this strange speech, and the last thing that Eleanor saw was the pale face of Launcelot Darrell's mother turned towards her with a look of surprise.

"Poor child," thought Mrs. Darrell as she walked slowly back to the station door, before which her pony carriage waited. "She feels this very much, but she has acted nobly."

The widow sighed as she remembered that the worst part of the struggle was yet to come. She would have her son's indignation to encounter and to endure; not the stormy passion of a strong man, unfairly separated from the woman he loves; but the fretful irritation of a spoiled child who has been robbed of a favorite toy.

It was nearly dark when Eleanor Vane reached the Pilasters. She paid and dismissed the cab in Dudley street, and made her way on foot under the familiar archway, and into the Colonnade, where the same children seemed to be playing the same games in the dusky light, the same horses peering from the stable doors, the same cabmen drinking at the old-fashioned public house at the corner.

The Signora was giving a singing lesson to a stolid young person with a fat face and freckles, who was being prepared for the lyric drama, and wished to appear at one of the opera houses as Norma, after a dozen lessons or so. Eliza Picirillo was trying her hardest to simplify a difficult passage for this embryo Grisi's comprehension, when Eleanor Vane opened the door of the little sitting-room, and appeared upon the threshold.

It would have been natural for the girl to have rushed to the piano and flung herself into the arms of the Signora at the risk of upsetting the stolid pupil; and there was something so very unnatural in her manner as she paused in the open doorway—something so wan and ghost-like in her appearance, that Eliza Picirillo rose in alarm from her music stool and stared aghast at this unexpected visitor.

"Eleanor!" she exclaimed, "Eleanor!"

"Yes, dear Signora, it is I! I—I know I have come back very unexpectedly; I have a great deal to tell you by-and-by. But I am tired to death. May I sit down, please, while you finish your lesson?"

"*May* you sit down! My darling Nelly, is that the way you talk in your old home. My dear, dear child, do you think you can ever come so unexpectedly as to fail to find a welcome from Eliza Picirillo. Here, my dear, sit down and make yourself as comfortable as you can, until I am able to attend to you. Excuse me, Miss Dodson, we'll go on with the duet directly."

The music-mistress wheeled forward an old easy-chair, her own favorite seat, and Eleanor dropped wearily into it. Signora Picirillo removed the girl's bonnet, and tenderly smoothed her tumbled hair, murmuring expressions of welcome and affection, and whispering a promise that the lesson should be very soon finished.

She went back to Norma after seeing Eleanor comfortably ensconced in the arm-chair, and hammered away sturdily and conscientiously at the "*Deh, Conte*" duet, in which Miss Dodson gave a very mild interpretation of the Italian composer's meaning, and sang about Pollio, her children, and her wrongs as placidly as if she had been declaiming her wish to be a butterfly, or any other sentiment common to English ballad-singers.

But when Miss Dodson had finished singing, and had put on her bonnet and shawl, which operation occupied a good deal of unnecessary time, and had rolled up her music, and found her gloves, which had fallen off the piano and hidden themselves in an obscure and dusty corner of the room, and had further entered into a detailed and intricate explanation of her engagements and domestic circumstances, before making an appointment for the next lesson, and had been finally hustled out of the room and lighted down the stairs, and fully instructed as to the nearest way from the Pilasters to Camden Town, Eliza Picirillo was able to give her full attention to the pale-faced girl who had returned so suddenly to her old shelter. The music-mistress was almost frightened at the expression of Eleanor Vane's face. She remembered only too well having seen that look before, upon the September night in Paris; when the girl of fifteen had sworn to be revenged upon her father's enemies.

"Nelly, my darling," she said, seating herself beside Eleanor's chair, "how is it that you come home so suddenly? Nothing could be greater happiness than to have you back, my dear. But I know that something has happened; I can see it in your face, Nelly. Tell me, my dear, what is it?"

"It is nothing to be sorry about, dear Signora; I have come away because—because Mrs. Darrell wished it. Her son—her only son has come home from India, and she wants him to marry a rich woman, and—and—"

"And he has fallen in love with *you*, eh, Nelly?" asked the Signora. "Well, I'm not surprised to hear that, my dear; and you are honorable enough to beat a retreat, and leave the young man free to make a mercenary marriage at his mother's bidding. Dear, dear, what strange things people are ready to do for money now-a-days. I'm sure you've acted very wisely, my darling; so cheer up, and let me see the bright smile that we've been accustomed to. There's nothing in all this to make you look so pale, Nelly."

"Do I look pale?"

"Yes, as pale as a ghost weary with a long night's wandering. Nelly, dear," said the Signora, very gently, "you weren't in love with this young man; you didn't return his affection, did you?"

"In love with him!" cried Eleanor Vane, with a shudder, "oh! no, no."

"And yet you seem sorry at having left Hazlewood."

"I am sorry—I—I had many reasons for wishing to stay there."

"You were attached to your companion, Miss Mason?"

"Yes, I was very much attached to her," answered Eleanor; "don't ask me any more questions to-night, dear Signora. I'm tired out with my journey and the excitement of—all—that has happened to-day. I will explain things more fully to-morrow; I am glad to come back to you—very, very glad to see you once more, dearest friend; but I had a strong reason for wishing to stay at Hazlewood,—I have a powerful motive for wanting to go back there, if I could go back—which I fear I never can." The girl stopped abruptly, as if absorbed in her own thoughts, and almost unconscious of her friend's presence.

"Well, well, my dear, I won't question you any further," Eliza Picirillo said, soothingly. "Goodness knows, my dear, I am glad enough to have you with me, without worrying you about the why and the wherefore. But I must go and try and get your little room ready again for you, or perhaps, as it's late, you'd better sleep with me to-night."

"If you please, dear Signora."

The music-mistress hurried away to make some preparations in the bed-chamber adjoining the little sitting-room, and Eleanor Vane sat staring at the guttering tallow candles on the table before her, lost in the tumult and confusion of thoughts which as yet took no distinct form in her brain.

At the very moment in which she had set a barrier between herself and Hazlewood, that might prevent her ever crossing the threshold of its gates, she had made a discovery which rendered that retired country dwelling-house the one spot upon earth to which she had need to have free access.

"I fancied that I was going away from my revenge when I left London to go into Berkshire," she thought, "now I leave my revenge behind me at Hazlewood. And yet how can it be as I think? How can it be so? Launcelot Darrell went to India a year before my father died. Can it be only a likeness after all—an accidental likeness between *that man* and Mrs. Darrell's son?"

She sat thinking of these things—reasoning with herself upon the utter improbability of the identity of the two men, yet yielding again and again to that conviction which had forced itself upon her, sudden and irresistible, in the Windsor Street,—while the Signora bustled about between the two rooms, stopping to cast a stolen glance now and then at Eleanor Vane's thoughtful face.

Mr. Richard Thornton came in by-and-by. The Phœnix was closed as to dramatic performances, but the scene-painter's work never stopped. The young man gave utterance to a cry of delight as he saw the figure sitting in his aunt's easy-chair.

"Nell!" he exclaimed, "has the world come to an end, and have you dropped into your proper position in the general smash? Eleanor, how glad I am to see you."

He held out both his hands. Miss Vane rose and mechanically put her white fingers in the weather-beaten looking palms held out to receive them.

In that moment the scene-painter saw that something had happened.

"What's the matter, Nell?" he cried, eagerly.

"Hush, Dick," said the girl, in a whisper. "I don't want the Signora to know."

"You don't want the Signora to know what?"

"I have found that man."

"What man?"

"The man who caused my father's death."

CHAPTER XXII.

IN THE SHIPBROKER'S OFFICE.

Eleanor Vane employed the morning after her arrival at the Pilasters in writing to Laura Mason. She would have written a long letter if she could, for she knew what grief her sudden departure must have caused her childish and confiding companion; but she could not write of anything except the one thought that absorbed her whole brain, leaving her for the common business of life a purposeless and powerless creature. The explanation which she gave of her sudden departure was lame and labored; her expressions of regard were trite and meaningless. It was only when she came to that subject which was the real purpose of her letter; it was only when she came to write of Launcelot Darrell, that there was any vigor or reality in her words.

"I have a favor to ask you, dear Laura," she wrote, "and I must beg you to use your best discretion in granting it. I want you to find out for me the date of Mr. Darrell's departure for Calcutta, and the name of the vessel in which he sailed. Do this, Laura, and you will be serving me; perhaps serving him also."

"If I find that he really was in India at the date of my father's death," Eleanor thought, "I *must* cease to suspect him."

Later in the day, Miss Vane went out with Richard into the streets and squares in which all their secret conferences had taken place. She told the scene-painter very simply and briefly of what had happened, and poor Dick listened to her story with a tender respect, as he would have listened to anything from her. But he shook his head with a sad smile when she had finished.

"What do you think now, Richard?" she asked.

"I think that you are the dupe of a foolish fancy, Nelly," the young man answered. "You are deceived by some chance resemblance between this Mr. Darrell and the man you saw upon the Boulevard. Any dark pale-faced man lounging moodily on a curbstone would have reminded you of the figure which is so interwoven with the memories of that mournful time in Paris. Forget it, Nelly, my dear; forget that dark chapter in the history of your girlhood. Your father's rest well be none the sweeter because the brightness of your youth is blighted by these bitter memories. Do your duty, Eleanor, in the state to which you are called. You are not called upon to sacrifice the fairest years of your life to a Quixotic scheme of vengeance."

"Quixotic!" cried Eleanor, reproachfully, "you would not speak like this, Richard, if your father had suffered as my father suffered through the villany of a gambler and cheat. It is no use talking to me, Dick," she added, resolutely, "if this conviction which I cannot get out of my mind is a false one, its falsehood must be proved; if it is true—why then it will seem to me as if Providence had flung this man across my pathway, and that I am appointed to bring punishment upon him for his wickedness."

"Perhaps, Eleanor; but this Mr. Darrell is *not* the man."

"How do you know he is not?"

"Because, according to your own account, Launcelot was in India in the year '53."

"Yes, they *say* that he was there."

"Have you any reason to doubt the fact?" asked Richard.

"Yes," answered Eleanor, "when Mr. Darrell first returned to Hazlewood, Laura Mason was very anxious to hear all about what she called his 'adventures' in India. She asked him a great many questions, and I remember—I cannot tell you, Dick, how carelessly I listened at the time, though every word comes back to me now as vividly as if I had been a prisoner on trial for my life, listening breathlessly to the evidence of the witnesses against me—I remember now how obstinately Launcelot Darrell avoided all Laura's questions, telling her at last, almost rudely, to change the subject. The next day Mr. Monckton came to us, and he talked about India, and Mr. Darrell again avoided the question in the same sullen, disagreeable manner. You may think me weak and foolish, Richard, and I dare say I am so, but Mr. Monckton is a very clever man. *He* could not be easily deceived."

"But what of him?"

"He said, 'Launcelot Darrell has a secret, and that secret is connected with his Indian experiences.' I thought very little of this at the time, Dick; but I think I understand it now."

"Indeed, and the young man's secret—?"

"Is that he never went to India."

"Eleanor!"

"Yes, Richard, I think and believe this, and you must help me to find out whether I am right or wrong."

The scene-painter sighed. He had hoped that his beautiful adopted sister had long since abandoned or forgotten her Utopian scheme of vengeance, in the congenial society of a gay-hearted girl of her own age; and, behold, here she was, vindictive, resolute, as upon that Sunday evening, a year and a half ago, on which they had walked together in those dingy London streets.

Eleanor Vane interrupted her companion's sigh.

"Remember your promise, Richard," she said. "You promised to serve me, and you must do so—you *will* do so, won't you, Dick?"

The avenging fury had transformed herself into a siren as she spoke, and looked archly up at her companion's face, with her head on one side, and a soft light in her gray eyes.

"You won't refuse to serve me, will you, Richard?"

"Refuse," cried the young man. "Oh, Nelly, Nelly, you know very well there is nothing in the world I could refuse you."

Miss Vane accepted this assurance with great composure. She had never been able to dissociate Richard Thornton with those early days in which she had accompanied him to Covent Garden to buy mulberry leaves for his silkworms, and learned to play "God Save the Queen" upon the young musician's violin. Nothing was further from her thoughts than the idea that poor Dick's feelings could have undergone any change since those childish days in the King's Road, Chelsea.

The letter which Eleanor so feverishly awaited from Laura Mason came by return of post. The young lady's epistle was very long, and rather rambling in its nature. Three sheets of note-paper were covered with Miss Mason's lamentations for her friend's absence, reproachful complainings against her friend's cruelty, and repeated entreaties that Eleanor would come back to Hazlewood.

George Vane's daughter did not linger over this feminine missive. A few days ago she would have been touched by Laura's innocent expressions of regard; now her eyes hurried along the lines, taking little note of all those simple words of affection and regret, and looking greedily forward to that one only passage in the letter which was likely to have any interest for her.

This passage did not occur until Eleanor had reached the very last of the twelve pages which Miss Mason had covered with flowing Italian characters, whose symmetry was here and there disfigured by sundry blots and erasures. But as her eyes rested upon the last page, Eleanor Vane's hand tightened upon the paper in her grasp, and the hot blood rushed redly to her earnest face.

"And I have found out all you want to know, dear Nell," wrote Miss Mason, "though I am puzzled out of my wits to know why you should want to know it—when I did exercises in composition at Bayswater, they wouldn't let me put two 'knows' so near together; but you won't mind it, will you, dear? Well, darling, I'm not very clever at beating about the bush or finding out anything in a diplomatic way; so this afternoon at tea—I am writing to catch the evening post, and Bob is going to take my letter to the village for sixpence—I asked Launcelot Darrell, who was not drinking his tea, like a Christian, but lolling in the window smoking a cigar: he has been as sulky as a bear ever since you left—oh, Nelly, Nelly, he isn't in love with you, is he?—I should break my heart if I thought he was—I asked him, point blank, what year and what day he sailed for India. I suppose the question sounded rather impertinent, for he colored up scarlet all in a minute, and shrugged his shoulders in that dear disdainful way of his that always reminds me of Lara or the Corsair—L. and the C. were the same person, though, weren't they—and said, 'I don't keep a diary, Miss Mason, or I should be happy to afford you any information you may require as to my antecedents.' I thought I should have dropped through the floor, Nelly,—the floor won't let one drop through it, or else I'm sure I should,—and I couldn't have asked another question, even for your sake, dear; when, strange to say, Mrs. Darrell got me quite out of the difficulty. 'I am sorry you should answer Laura so very unkindly, Launcelot,' she said, 'there is nothing strange in her question. *I* remember the date of your departure from your native country only too vividly. You left this house upon the 3rd of October, '52, and you were to sail from Gravesend on the 4th, in the Princess Alice. I have reason to remember the date, for it seemed as if my uncle chose the very worst season of the year for sending you upon a long sea voyage. But he was prompted, no doubt, by my sisters. I ought to feel no anger against him, poor old man.'"

Eleanor Vane glanced hurriedly at the concluding words of the letter. Then, with the last sheet crumpled in her hand, she sat motionless and absorbed, thinking over its contents.

"If Launcelot Darrell sailed for India upon the 4th of October, '52, he is not likely to have been in Paris in '53. If I can only prove to myself that he did sail upon that date, I will try and believe that I have been deluded by some foolish fancy of my own. But why did his face flush scarlet when Laura questioned him about his voyage—why did he pretend to have forgotten the date?"

Eleanor waited impatiently for the arrival of her friend and counsellor, Richard Thornton. He came in at about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, while his aunt was still absent among her out-of-door pupils, and flung himself, jaded and worn out, on the chintz-covered sofa. But, tired as he was, he aroused himself by an effort to listen to that portion of Laura Mason's letter which related to Launcelot Darrell.

"What do you think now, Dick?" Miss Vane asked, when she had finished reading.

"Pretty much what I thought before, Nell," answered Mr. Thornton; "this young fellow's objection to talk of his Indian voyage, is no proof that he never went upon that voyage. He may have half-a-dozen unpleasant recollections connected with that part of his life. I don't particularly care about talking of the Phœnix; but I never committed a murder in the obscurity of the flies, or buried the body of my victim between the stage and the mezzanine floor. People have their secrets, Nell, and we have no right to pry into the small mysteries which may lurk under a change of countenance or an impatient word."

Eleanor Vane took very little notice of the young man's argument.

"Can you find out if Launcelot Darrell sailed in the Princess Alice, Dick," she added.

The scene-painter rubbed his chin, reflectively.

"I can *try* and find out, my dear," he said, after a pause; "that's open to anybody. The Princess Alice! She's one of Ward's ships, I think. If the shipbrokers are inclined to be civil, they'll perhaps help me; but I have no justification for bothering them upon the subject, and they may tell me to go about my business. If I could give them a good reason for my making such an inquiry, I might very likely find them willing to help me. But what can I tell them, except that a very beautiful young person, with gray eyes and auburn hair has taken an absurd crotchet into her obstinate head, and that I, her faithful slave, am compelled to do her bidding?"

"Never mind what they say to you, Richard," Miss Vane replied, authoritatively, "they *must* answer your question, if you only go on asking them long enough."

Mr. Thornton smiled.

"That's the true feminine method of obtaining information, isn't it, Nell?" he said; "however, I'll do my best, and if the shipbrokers are to be 'got at,' as sporting gentlemen say, it shall go hard if I don't get a list of the passengers who sailed in the Princess Alice."

"Dear, dear Dick!" cried Eleanor, holding out her hands to her young champion. The young man sighed. Alas, he knew only too well that all this pretty friendliness was as far away from any latent tenderness or hidden emotion as the bold blusterous North from the splendid sunny South.

"I wonder whether she knows what love is," thought the scene-painter; "I wonder whether her heart has been touched ever so slightly by the fatal emotion. No; she is a bright virginal creature, all confidence and candor, and she has yet to learn the mysteries of life. I wish I could think less of her and fall in love with Miss Montalembert—her name is plain Lambert, and she has ed the Monta for the sake of euphony. I wish I could fall in love with Lizzie Lambert, popularly known as Elise Montalembert, the soubrette at the Phoenix. She is a good little girl, and earns a salary of four pounds a week. She's fond of the Signora, too, and we could leave the Pilasters and go into housekeeping upon our joint salaries."

Mr. Thornton's fancies might have rambled on in this wise for some time, but he was abruptly aroused from his reverie by Eleanor Vane, who had been watching him rather impatiently.

"When are you going to the shipbroker's, Dick?" she asked.

"When am I going?"

"Yes, you'll go at once, won't you?"

"Eh! Well, my dear Nell, Cornhill's a good step from here."

"But you can take a cab," cried the young lady. "I've plenty of money, Dick, and do you think I shall grudge it for such a purpose? Go at once, Richard, dear, and take a cab."

She pulled a purse from her pocket, and tried to force it into the young man's hand, but he shook his head.

"I'm afraid the shipbroker's office would be closed, Nelly," he said. "We'd better wait till to-morrow morning."

But the young lady would not hear of this. She was sure the shipbroker's office wouldn't close so early, she said, with as much authority as if she had been intimately acquainted with the habits of shipbrokers, and she bustled Dick down stairs and out of the house before he well knew where he was.

He returned in about an hour and a half; very tired and dusty; having preferred his independence and an omnibus, to the cab offered by Eleanor.

"It's no use, Nelly," he said, despondently, as he threw off his hat, and ran his dirty fingers through the rumpled shock of dusty brown hair that had been blown about his face by the hot August wind, "the office was just closing, and I couldn't get anything out of the clerks. I was never so cruelly snubbed in my life."

Miss Vane looked very much disappointed, and was silent for a minute or so. Then her face suddenly brightened, and she patted Richard's shoulder with a gesture expressive of patronage and encouragement.

"Never mind, Dick," she said, smilingly, "you shall go again to-morrow morning, early; and I'll go with you. We'll see if these shipbroker's clerks will snub *me*."

"Snub you!" cried Richard Thornton, in a rapture of admiration. "I think that, of all the members of the human family, paid officials are the most unpleasant and repulsive; but I don't think there is a clerk in Christendom who could snub you, Miss Vane."

Eleanor smiled. Perhaps for the first time in her life the young lady was guilty of a spice of that feminine sin called coquetry. Her boxes had arrived from Hazlewood upon the previous evening. She was armed therefore with all those munitions of war without which a woman can scarcely commence a siege upon the fortress of man's indifference.

She rose early the next morning—for she was too much absorbed in the one great purpose of her life to be able to sleep very long or very soundly—and arrayed herself for her visit to the shipbroker.

She put on a bonnet of pale blue crape, which was to be the chief instrument in the siege—a feminine battering-ram or Armstrong gun before which the stoutest wall must have crumbled—and smoothed her silken locks, her soft amber dropping tresses, under this framework of diaphanous azure. Then she went into the little sitting-room where Mr. Richard Thornton was loitering over his breakfast, to try the effect of this piece of milliner's artillery upon the unhappy young man.

"Will the clerks snub me, Dick?" she asked, archly.

The scene-painter replied with his mouth full of egg and bread and butter, and was more enthusiastic than intelligible.

A four-wheel cab jolted Miss Vane and her companion to Cornhill, and the young lady contrived to make her way into the sanctum sanctorum of the shipbroker himself, in a manner which took Richard Thornton's breath away from him, in the fervor of his admiration. Every barrier gave way before the blue bonnet and glistening auburn hair, the bright gray eyes and friendly smile. Poor Dick had approached the officials with that air of suppressed enmity and lurking hate with which the Englishman generally addresses his brother Englishman; but Eleanor's friendliness and familiarity disarmed the stoniest of the clerks, and she was conducted to the shipbroker's private room by an usher who bowed before her as if she had been a queen.

The young lady told her story very simply. She wished to ascertain if a gentleman called Launcelot Darrell had sailed in the Princess Alice on the 4th of October, '52.

This was all she said. Richard Thornton stood by, fingering difficult passages in his last overture on the brim of his hat, out of sheer perturbation of spirit, while he wondered at and admired Miss Vane's placid assurance.

"I shall be extremely obliged if you can give me this information," she said, in conclusion, "for a great deal depends upon my being able to ascertain the truth of this matter."

The shipbroker looked through his spectacles at the earnest face turned so trustingly towards his own. He was an old man, with granddaughters as tall as Eleanor, but was nevertheless not utterly dead to the influence of a beautiful face. The auburn hair and diaphanous bonnet made a bright spot of color in the dinginess of his dusty office.

"I should be very ungallant were I to refuse to serve a young lady," the old man said politely. "Jarvis," he added, turning to the clerk who had conducted Eleanor to his apartment, "do you think you could contrive to look up the list of passengers in the Princess Alice, October 4, '52?"

Mr. Jarvis, who had told Richard to go about his business upon the day before, said he had no doubt he could, and went away to perform this errand.

Eleanor's breath grew short and quick, and her color rose as she waited for the clerk's return. Richard executed impossible passages on the brim of his hat. The shipbroker watched the girl's face, and drew his own deduction from the flutter of agitation visible in that bright countenance.

"Aha!" he thought, "a love affair, no doubt. This pretty girl in the blue bonnet has come here to look after a runaway sweetheart."

The clerk returned, carrying a ledger, with his thumb between two of the leaves. He opened the uninteresting-looking volume, and laid it on the table before his employer, pointing with his spare forefinger to one particular entry.

"A berth was taken for Mr. Launcelot Darrell, who was to share his cabin with a Mr. Thomas Halliday," the shipbroker said, looking at the passage to which the clerk pointed.

Eleanor's face crimsoned. She had wronged the widow's son then after all.

"But the name was crossed out afterwards," continued the old man, "and there's another entry further down, dated October 5th. The ship sailed without Mr. Darrell.

The crimson flush faded out of Eleanor's face and left it deadly pale. She tottered forwards a few paces towards the table, with her hand stretched out, as if she would have taken the book from the shipbroker and examined the entry for herself. But midway between the chair she had left and the table, her strength failed her, and she would have fallen if Richard Thornton had not dashed his hat upon the ground, and caught her sinking figure in his outstretched arms.

"Dear me!" exclaimed the shipbroker, "bless my soul; a glass of water, Jarvis; this is very sad, very sad, indeed. A runaway lover, I suppose, or a brother, perhaps. These sort of things are always happening. I assure you, if I had the gift that some of you young people have, I could write half a dozen romances out of the history of this office."

The clerk came back with the glass of water; it was rather a murky-looking fluid, but a few drops between Eleanor's pale lips seemed to bring the life back to her.

She lifted her head with the proud resolution of a queen, and looked at the compassionate shipbroker with a strange smile. She had heard the old man's suppositions about lovers and brothers. How far away his simple fancy led him from the bitter truth.

She held out her hand to him as she rose from her chair, erect and dauntless as a fair-haired Joan of Arc, ready to gird on the sword in defence of her king and country.

"I thank you very much, sir," she said, "for what you have done for me to-day. My father was an old man; as old or older perhaps than yourself; and he died a very cruel death. I believe that your kindness of this day will help me to avenge him."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE FALSE LOVE.

In sight of the starry sky,
In sound of the rushing sea,
With a beating heart and a tender smile,
Did my own true love kiss me.

Under the solemn sky,
Close to the throbbing sea,
With words of love and vows of faith,
Did my own true love kiss me.

I gaze on the same bright sky,
I hear the same rippling sea,
But never again on earth, or in heaven,
Will my own true love kiss me.

True are the holy stars,
True is the restless sea,
True are the thoughts of my heart to him,
But my love is false to me!

Hear it, oh, changeful sky!
Hear it, oh, moving sea!
Ye are true to your own eternal laws,
But my love is false to me!

Why should the moonlit sky,
Why should the moaning sea,
Recall the empty dream of the past,
When my love is false to me?

Pierce to his soul, oh, stars!
Thrill to his heart, oh, sea!
It may be, smit with a sudden pang,
My love will come back to me!

KINGSWOOD CLARE.

THE CENTURION'S ESCAPE.

A TALE OF THE EGYPTIAN PRIESTHOOD.*

"How cursedly hot it is," muttered the Centurion Septimius, to his lieutenant, grave old Lepidus, as he lay half stripped in the shade of his tent, longing for the Northern wind.

And he might well say so. The place was Syene, the time the month of August, and the almost vertical sun was pouring down his rays with a fierceness such as the Roman officer had never felt before.

Septimius and his cohort had been marched up to Syene to hold in check the inhabitants of the neighborhood, who, servile in general, and little recking then as now who was their master, provided the taxes were not too heavy, had been stirred up by the priests to a state of most unwonted agitation, in consequence of some insult offered by the Roman soldiery to the sacred animals of the district.

The palm-trees were standing motionless, not a breath stirring their long pendent branches; the broad, swollen Nile was glittering like molten metal, as he rolled majestically to the sea. In the back ground the steep sandy ridges and black crags were baking in the sun, and the only sound that broke the silence was the roar of the distant cataract.

"Curse these Egyptians and their gods," muttered poor melting Septimius. "I only wish I had the bull Apis here to-day, or that lumbering brute Basis which pretty Cleopatra used to worship at Hermonthis, and I would see how *he* could stand this weather. I say, Lepidus, a steak cut out of Apis would be a blessed change for us from those eternal scraggy fowls, that they feed us on. How snug the fat brute looked in his temple at Memphis. I only wish the Emperor's Centurions were put up half as luxuriously."

"Hush, hush, Septimius," answered Lepidus, his second in command, "you shouldn't ventilate those free-thinking opinions of yours so openly. Whatever you *think*, keep a check on your tongue, for the old priesthood is jealous and powerful even yet, and strange stories are told of their secret doings."

"A fig for the priesthood!" quoth Septimius. "What care I for Apis or Osiris either? I am a Roman citizen and a Roman soldier. I fear no man but my superior officer, and I know no god but the Emperor."

"Mark my words," was the reply. "Antony was a greater than you, Septimius, and *he* bowed the knee to Apis and Osiris too; why, they say, he was consecrated himself, and stood high in the priestly ranks, and yet he crouched like a beaten hound to old Petamon, the priest of Isis, and obeyed his very nod. I have heard strange things of that Petamon; men say he knew the old Egyptian secrets, and could raise the very dead from their long sleep to answer him. And his grandson and successor is a mightier enchanter than his sire. It was he that stirred up these poor Egyptian slaves almost to rebellion, not ten days ago, because one of the legionaries broke the head of a dirty ape that he caught stealing the stores. They say he is at Philæ just now concocting some new plot; so, my good fellow, *do* keep your eyes open, and your mouth shut—if you can."

Septimius laughed, half good-naturedly, half contemptuously; and, humming a stave of Horace, turned in to take a nap, while Lepidus went round the sentries, to see that none were sleeping on their posts.

It was evening, the sun had set some half hour before; and the sky, after melting through all the hues of the rainbow, had merged in one delicious violet, in which the pure clear moon and the planet Venus were shining with a glorious light such as they never attain in duller climes, and throwing long, quivering, silver reflections across the dark water; the soldiery were preparing for their night's rest, and the simple inhabitants of the country had already forgotten all their cares in sleep. The silence was broken only by the baying of a few dogs, and the howl of a distant jackal, when Septimius, shaking off his drowsiness, left his tent to saunter through the village and see how his troop were faring.

The beauty and stillness of the night tempted him to extend his ramble. The purlieus of the town were soon passed, the few dogs he met shrank cowering from before his tall form and the clank of the good sword at his side, and in a few moments he was alone in the desert. He had more than once followed the same track towards the now silent quarries, where the old Egyptians once hewed those blocks of granite which are a wonder to all succeeding ages. It was the *same* scene, yet how different! When he had marched over the ground once before at the head of his legionaries to check an incursion of one of the marauding desert tribes, the sky seemed brass, the earth iron, the sun was blazing overhead like a ball of molten metal, and scorching all color and life out of the landscape; the heat, reflected from the black basalt and red syenite rocks, had beaten on his armor almost beyond endurance; while his stout soldiers could barely struggle on through the heavy sand, sighing and groaning for one drop of water where none was to be had.

How different it was now; the moon, hanging low in heaven, threw the long black shadows of the craggy rocks over the silvered sand; and the air was deliciously cool and fresh after the extreme heat of the day.

So he wandered on, till he reached a huge boulder, on which some old Pharaoh, now forgotten, had carved the record of his marches and victories. The figures of gods and kings were half obliterated, but the Centurion stood trying to follow the mouldering lines in idle curiosity.

"Be their gods true or false," muttered he, "they were great men, these Egyptians, and their works are mighty—surely 'there were giants in those days.'"

As he turned round, a huge crag behind him was shaped out by the uncertain moonlight into the figure of a colossus seated on a throne, such as he had seen at Thebes, on his way to Syene, and that so distinctly that he was for a moment fairly startled. Ere long the light changed, and the colossus faded away again into an ordinary rock.

Suddenly from behind the boulder an old man advanced to him, and bowing low, with the cringing servility to which the lower classes of the Egyptians had been reduced by long ages of tyranny, prostrated himself at the feet of the Centurion, and in broken Greek craved a hearing. Septimius was good-natured, and at a loss for occupation: he, therefore, gladly welcomed the interruption, and as he was, like all well-educated men of his time, as well or better acquainted with Greek than with his native tongue, in a few kindly words bade the old man speak on.

"My lord Centurion," said the beggar, "I have followed your steps for days, in the hope of obtaining a hearing. My tongue is Greek, but my heart is true. You have heard of the Egyptian priesthood, and their wiles; not long ago one of your nation, a Centurion like yourself, fell into their hands, and they hold him captive in the neighborhood. If you would deliver him, come here to-morrow night, and come alone; I will tell you *then* what must be done, but I cannot now—meanwhile, farewell."

And ere the Centurion could utter a word, he had vanished behind the rocks.

"By Castor and Pollux," muttered Septimius, "was ever a decent fellow—*not* that I *am* a particular decent fellow—in such a fix before? It *may* be a trap set for me; yet surely they *dare* not touch a soldier of the Emperor's—a Centurion too," he said. "Ay, poor Claudius vanished a month ago, they said it was a crocodile, but none saw it; yes, it must be Claudius; go I will, let Lepidus say what he likes; but stay, if I tell Lepidus, he will have my steps dogged, or some such nonsense. I'll keep my own counsel; I'll go, and go alone." With a brisk step he turned on his heel, and wended his way back to his quarters.

The beggar stood behind the rock, his keen, black eyes glittering with the light of triumph; his long white beard fell off, and the rags dropped from his shoulders, as he joined his companion, who was lying perdue behind the rock. He drew himself up to his full stature, and his haughty step and proud port marked Petamon, the son of Osorkon, and grandson of Petamon, the high priest of Isis at Philæ.

"Hey, Sheshonk," he laughed to his subordinate, with a snort of scorn, "I have baited the trap for my eagle right daintily, and the noble bird shall have his wings clipped ere long. *He* mocks the divine Apis does he, and blasphemes the Apes of Thoth! *He* thinks to come here and lord it over us all, with his licentious soldiery, and his cursed Roman pride. We have been slaves before, but we have never been slaves for long; and, as the Shepherds and the Persians have passed away to nothingness, and *we* remain, so these Romans shall have their day and perish too. The vengeance of Heaven fell heavily on Cambyses for the blood of the murdered Apis, and shall this son of the Italian wolf escape? By Him that sleeps in Philæ, he shall bow the knee to the gods, and swear to betray his country and his Emperor, or die!" And his pale face, in which, worn though it was with care, and distorted by passion, might still be traced the majestic lineaments of the great Rameses himself, spoke his unchangeable resolve.

"Well done, Petamon," quoth Sheshonk, the assistant-priest, whose low forehead, heavy brow, and sensual lips, were in strange contrast to his companion's *face*, "what a pity there is nobody here to listen to you; and that such eloquence should be thrown away upon me, who know, as well as you do yourself, if the truth were told, that Apis is only a bull after all, and Thoth's ape is a very dirty, troublesome ape; at least the one I had charge of at Hermopolis was."

"Peace, fool," replied Petamon, with an angry glare of his eye, "the beasts are but beasts, that *I* know as well as you; but the beast is only the type of the divinity, whom the vulgar may not know. Enough."

The rest of their conversation was lost in the distance, as they slowly wended their way to the south.

Next day Septimius was somewhat thoughtful; he retired early to his tent on the pretence of weariness, and when all was still he stole out of the town as before. The hour was the same, but how different this night was from the last. A tornado had been blowing from the south all day, raising the sand in huge clouds, which obscured everything, and nearly choked man and beast with a penetrating and impalpable dust. Even now the air was hot and depressing, the sand felt heavy under foot, and the Centurion's heart was so full of foreboding that more than once he had almost turned back.

At last he reached the granite boulder, and crouching in its shade, as before, sat the beggar. He rose as the Centurion approached, and beckoned him silently to proceed.—Somewhat puzzled, Septimius obeyed, and followed in silence, plodding wearily through the deep sand. At last the beggar turned.

"Sir Centurion," he said, "the night is hot, and the way heavy; let me ease you of your sword;" and before Septimius could remonstrate or resist, his nimble hands had unstrapped the belt, and slung the sword over his own shoulder. "What men you Romans are!" he continued, slightly raising his voice, as they passed along a narrow track between high rocks on either side. "You fear nothing in heaven or on earth. I verily believe you would *make beef steaks of the Divine Apis;*" and he halted full in the way, and seemed absolutely to grow before the Centurion's eyes, he loomed so large and majestic in the moonlight, while his eyes glared like blazing coals with hatred and revenge.

The Centurion recoiled, and at the same moment two from each side, four strange white figures, each with the head of a hawk, surmounted by the disk of the sun, glided forth and laid hands on him. Septimius struggled like a snared lion, but it was of no avail; he threatened them with the wrath of the Emperor, and they answered with a low mocking laugh. He made one furious rush at the *ci devant* beggar who had betrayed him, and clutched him by the robe. Petamon quietly threw the sword far away over the sand, and crossed his arms, while his ghostly allies advanced to the rescue. In another moment the prisoner was torn away, but not before he had rent off a fragment of the priest's robes, which fell upon the sand. His good sword was gone far beyond his reach, and after a few frantic plunges he was bound hand and foot, and lashed to a rude litter which was brought from behind the rock. The four mysterious phantoms silently raised the litter and bore it swiftly across the sands, while Petamon, with a vigor remarkable in one so far advanced in years, led the way.

They had advanced along the sandy track for some distance, when suddenly the eye of Septimius, who could just raise his head and look forward by straining painfully against his bonds, caught the glimmer of the moonlight on the water, and before him rose perhaps the most unearthly, most beautiful scene that can meet the eye of man.

Ruined as it now is, with its broken columns and shattered piers, marked at every turn by the hand of the destroyer, Philæ, and Philæ by moonlight, is wondrously lovely; what must it have been then?

In the midst of a quiet lagoon lay the Sacred Island, girt in by hills, on whose rugged sides the black basaltic rocks were piled in the most magnificent confusion—a green spot in the midst of a desert of stone—and amid the Grove of Palms upon its shore, rose the roofs of temples, and the tops of huge pyramidal gateways, while the solemn moonlight poured over all. A boat, manned by four more of the strange hawk-headed beings, was anchored at the shore. Silently the priest embarked, silently Septimius was lifted on board, silently the rowers bent to their oars, and in a few minutes they were passing along under the massy wall which rises sheer out of the water on the western side.

Suddenly the boat stopped, and the priest struck the wall thrice, repeating each time, "In the name of Him who sleeps at Philæ." Silently a portion of the apparently massy wall swung back and disclosed a narrow stair, up which they carried the Centurion; and by a side door entered the outer court. Before them rose the huge gateway, on each of whose towers was carved the giant semblance of a conqueror grasping with his left hand a group of captives by the hair, while he lifts the right to strike the death-blow. They hurried on through the great Hall of Pillars up a narrow stair, and opening a small aperture, more like a window than a door, thrust in the Centurion, and left him, bound hand and foot, to his own reflections. These, you may imagine, were not of the most cheerful description, and might be put in words as follows:—"Well, I *have* made a fool of myself pretty effectually this time; what a laugh honest Lepidus will have at me when I get back, if I *do* get back at all, of which there does not seem to be much prospect at present. I wonder what the fellows mean to do with me; and what, in the name of Pluto and Proserpine, were those hawk heads that fell upon me, were they men or demons? I remember there were some pictures of things very like them at Thebes; and who can the old fox be that trapped me so cleverly? Lepidus was talking of their Egyptian guile. It must be Petamon himself, or perhaps the ape Thoth; it was a most apish trick he played me. And if they *do* put an end to me, what next? Will that be the finish, or is there a world beyond? If there be, I hope it is something different from this, for it would be somewhat fatiguing to be a Centurion for [illegible], and hear every day that eternal story of Domitian's, of how to boil a turbot, for [illegible] years on end." And here Septimius, who was young and cheery, began to hum a tune, and ere long fell fast asleep.

Next morning Lepidus was early astir, and, after going his rounds, entered the tent of Septimius. It was empty, the bed had not been slept on, and there were no signs whatever of the tenant. "Mad boy," muttered Lepidus; "off on some frolic as usual. I must hush it up, or Septimius, great though his family interest be, will get but a rough welcome from the General on our return. I must say he is sick, or tired, or busy. He gives me more trouble than the whole cohort put together, and yet I love the lad for his merry face and his kindly smile more than I love anything on earth;" and for a moment the soldier's rough face was mellowed by a smile of wondrous softness.

Noonday and evening came and went, and still Septimius was absent; and next morning, Lepidus, blamed himself much for having delayed so long, gave the alarm that the Centurion had vanished or been spirited away, and instituted a regular inquiry. Little information could be elicited. One of the sentries had noticed Septimius wandering away towards the desert, but he was too much accustomed to his officer's little vagaries to take much note of the fact. Doubt and gloom hung over all, for the Centurion, rash as he was, was a brave leader, and a kindly cheerful man. Parties were detached to search the neighborhood in every direction, and Lepidus could only sit and wait for information, chafing inwardly at every moment's delay.

Towards evening one of the sergeants craved an audience of him, and when they were alone together, produced the Centurion's sword and a piece of a heavy golden fringe. He had struck into the desert, come upon a spot where there were evident marks of a struggle, and picked up the sword and torn fringe lying on the ground. Sergeant and officer looked at each other, and the same fear clouded the faces of both.

"Petamon is at Philæ?" inquired Lepidus.

"He is, sir."

"Then may Jove the Preserver help the poor boy, for he will need all his help. I see it now; his foolish scoffs at the gods have reached the ears of the crafty priest who has hated us Romans bitterly for long, and he has kidnapped the lad. We may be too late to *save* him, not too late for *revenge*. Muster the men at once, and let us to Philæ *quick!*"

In half an hour the cohort were tramping through the sand under the still moonlight, and an hour more brought them to the banks of the quiet river. There was no boat, and they had to halt till morning broke.

At sunrise a boat was brought from the neighboring village, and Lepidus, embarking with a portion of his troops, was rowed over to the Sacred Island. He landed at a flight of steps on the northern side, and mounting them, halted for an instant, giving the quick imperative, "In the name of the Emperor." Ere many minutes elapsed, a band of priests, headed by Petamon himself, appeared at the great gateway, and the Centurion, advancing, briefly demanded to speak with their high priest.

Petamon, with the rising sun flashing on his leopard-skin cloak, and the golden fringe of his girdle, with his head and beard close shaven, in his pure linen garments and papyrus sandals, stepped forward.

"I am Petamon, the grandson of Petamon, high priest of Isis. Roman soldier, speak on."

"I seek," commenced Lepidus; but he stopped abruptly. His eye had caught the glitter of the golden fringe, and he saw that at one side a piece had been torn away. He sprung forward like a tiger and grasped the priest's throat. "Petamon, Priest of Isis, I arrest you on the charge of kidnapping a Roman citizen. In the name of Cæsar Domitian; Soldiers, secure him!"

Priests and soldiers stood for a moment transfixed with amazement, while Lepidus slowly released his grasp on the priest's throat, and they stood face to face, till the Roman almost quailed before the fierce glare of the Egyptian's eye. The other priests began to press forward with threatening gestures; they outnumbered the Romans three times, and, though the strength and discipline of the latter would doubtless have proved victorious in the end, might have offered a stout resistance; but Petamon motioned them back. "Fear not, children," he said, speaking in the Greek tongue, so that both parties might understand him, "the gods can protect their own, and *you*, Sir Roman, that have laid hands on the servant of Isis, *tremble!*" He walked forward and surrendered himself to two of the soldiers.

"Rather him than me," muttered Sheshonk. "The gods are all very well to fool the people with, but I doubt if Isis herself will save him under the Roman rods."

Petamon raised his eyes and met those of

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* Wonderful remains of secret passages, dungeons, etc., still exist in the Island of Philæ, at the southern extremity of Egypt. The only *unexplained mystery* of the following story, the visions which were seen by Lepidus, might have been managed by the help of a magic-lantern; and his subsequent fainting fit is easily explained, by the use of the fumes of Indian hemp or some similar narcotic. How far the Egyptians, particularly in the olden time, may have been acquainted with mesmerism, clairvoyance, second sight, or similar phenomena is a difficult, perhaps an unanswerable, question. That, in latter times, they adopted mere mechanical and chemical jugglery, there can be no doubt.

Sheshonk. A few words in the Egyptian tongue, and a few secret signals passed between them, and Sheshonk, with a deep obeisance retired into the temple and disappeared.

The soldiers were despatched to search the Island, and poor Septimius heard them several times pass the door of his prison, but his gaolers had had time to thrust a gag into his mouth, so he could give no alarm. He lay there sick at heart, for he was stiff and weary, and even his cheerful spirits felt nearly broken.

The search was fruitless, as Lepidus had fully expected; and he commanded Petamon again to be brought before him. "Sir Priest," he said, "I seek Septimius the Centurion, who is, or was, in your hands; unless he is restored before to-morrow's sun sinks in the west, you die the death."

"It is well," said the priest, while the mock submission of his attitude was belied by the sinister fire of his eye; "the gods can protect their own."

Towards evening Petamon requested an audience of Lepidus, and when they were again together, addressed him with more civility than he had hitherto condescended to use. He explained that it was the practice that the High Priest should, at certain seasons, sleep in the sacred recesses of the temple, and have the decrees of the goddess revealed to him in visions; he humbly craved permission to perform this sacred duty, it might be for the last time. Lepidus mused for a moment, and then gave orders that the priest, chained between two soldiers, should have leave to sleep where he would.

The night closed in; the shrine of the goddess was illuminated; and the blaze of a hundred lamps flashed on the rich colors and quaint designs on the walls of the shrine. One picture specially, behind the altar, attracted the eye of Lepidus. It represented King Ptolemy trampling down an enemy, while Isis stood by his side, with her hand raised in blessing, and Osiris held out a huge blue falchion, as if to bid him complete his task. Before the altar stood Sheshond burning incense, while Petamon, chained between his guards, bowed for a time in prayer. By midnight the ceremony was over; Petamon, chained to a soldier on each side, lay down before the altar; the lights, all but one, were extinguished; the great door of the sacred chamber was closed. Lepidus lay down across it with his drawn sword in his hand, and, wearied with anxiety and care, soon fell fast asleep.

The sun was rising when he awoke, and, hastily rising, gave orders to change the guard upon the prisoner, and himself entered the chamber to see that the fetters were properly secured. The lamp was burning dimly, and there lay the two soldiers: but *where* was the prisoner? He was gone—utterly gone. The fetters were there, but Petamon had vanished. Half mad with vexation, Lepidus gave one of the soldiers an angry kick; the man neither stirred nor groaned; he snatched up the lamp and threw its rays upon the soldier's face. It was white and still, and a small stream of blood, which had flowed from a wound over the heart, told too plain a tale. It was the same with the other; the soldiers' last battle was fought, and they had gone to their long home.

Terrified and perplexed beyond measure, Lepidus rushed out into the court, and hastily roused the cohort. It was some minutes ere he could get them to comprehend what had happened; and even then the men followed him most unwillingly as he snatched up a torch and hurried back. To his amazement, the corpses of the soldiers were gone, and in their place lay two rams, newly slaughtered, and bound with palm ropes: the fetters had also vanished. He raised his eyes, and now noticed what he had not seen before—the picture of Osiris and Isis was behind the altar still, but the blade of the falchion of the god was dyed red, and dripping with newly shed gore. Shuddering and horror-stricken, he left the chamber, followed by the soldiers; and, as he passed out of the temple, met Sheshonk in his priestly robes going in to perform the morning services.

A panic seized the soldiery, in which Lepidus more than half concurred. They were men, they said; why fight against the gods? In half an hour they had left Philæ, and were marching through the desert to Syene, with drooping heads and weary steps, under the already scorching sun.

Terrified though he was, at this awful tragedy, Lepidus was too honest and true to abandon the quest. The soldiers positively refused to assist further in the search, and he was left almost to his own resources. After much thought he published a proclamation in Egyptian and Greek, offering a thousand pieces of gold for the Centurion, if alive; five hundred for the conviction of his murderers, if dead; and five hundred more for the head of the priest Petamon; and threatening the last penalty of the law on all men detaining the Roman as a prisoner, or sheltering his murderers.

His hopes were faint, but he could do no more; and having despatched a full report of the whole case to the Roman General at Alexandria, he waited, impatiently enough, his heart sickened with alternate hopes and fears.

During the next few days he was much disturbed by the sentiments of disaffection which he heard being muttered among the soldiers. Like all ignorant men, they were superstitious, the events which had occurred at Philæ had produced a deep impression on their minds, and they murmured almost openly at Lepidus for having taken them to such a fearful place, and even now for halting in so ill-omened a neighborhood.

This feeling was much increased by an old beggar-man who constantly haunted the camp. He had attracted the attention of the soldiers by some ordinary tricks of magic, and was constantly telling fortunes and reciting prophecies, all foreboding evil to the cohort, if it stayed in the neighborhood; and, indeed, foretelling the speedy and utter downfall of the Roman power.

Much grieved and perplexed, Lepidus ordered the beggar to be brought before him, and when he came, taxed him with attempting to incite the soldiers to mutiny, and sternly reminding him that the punishment for such an attempt was death. The old man listened quietly and calmly, crossing his arms and fixing his glittering eye, which seemed strangely familiar to Lepidus, on the Roman officer.

After a pause he spoke—"My lord," and again the tone struck Lepidus as strangely familiar to his ear, "I serve the gods, and you the Emperor; let us both serve our masters truly. You would have news of Septimius the Centurion? It may be that the gods will permit you to see a vision; shall it be so?"

A slight curl of contempt was on the Roman's lips as he answered:

"You know the proclamation. I am prepared to fulfill its terms."

The old man shook himself, like an awakening lion, and again the gesture struck Lepidus as familiar.

"I seek not gold," he said; "give me your attention, and keep the gold for those that need it."

"It is well," said Lepidus; "proceed."

A small stove was burning in the tent; the old man cast upon the charcoal some drugs that raised a dense smoke, and filled the tent with a heavy perfumed smell.

"Look!" said the old man, pointing to the smoke; and retiring behind Lepidus, he crouched upon the ground.

A circle of light formed itself clearly and well-defined among the smoke, and in its midst Lepidus suddenly saw the image of the bull Apis, as he had seen him once before at Memphis, with all his gorgeous scarlet and gold trappings, and the golden disk between his horns. A moment, and the image suddenly grew smaller and smaller, and vanished from the eyes of the wondering Roman.

Again the circle of light formed, and he saw Osiris seated on his judgment throne, and the human soul being tried before him. There was the child Horus seated on a lotus flower, with his finger at his lips. There was the dog of the infernal regions, panting to devour the wicked; and there was the ape of Thoth, watching the turn of the balance. Again the vision faded.

"These are our gods," said the beggar. "Now behold thine own."

The circle formed again, and he saw the Emperor Domitian, his features bloated with intemperance, revelling among the degenerate senators and trembling patricians. The soldier sighed, and the vision faded again.

Again the circle formed, and this time he saw the Centurion Septimius sitting at his tent door, as when we first saw him, and, stranger still, he saw himself in converse with him.

But suddenly, whether it was the perfumes or the excitement that overcame him he never knew, but the circle of light, the old man, the tent spun round and round, and he sank fainting to the ground.

When he awoke from his swoon, the stove was burnt out, the old man was gone, and he hardly knew whether he had been dreaming or not. He felt dull and heavy, and could scarcely rise. His servant entered with a light. He glanced at his finger on which he wore his signet-ring, with which all important despatches must be sealed, and which marked their authenticity—it was gone. He felt in his bosom for the secret orders which the general had entrusted to him rather than to the headlong Septimius—they were gone too. His head still swum round; he could not think, he fell upon his bed, and sank into a long heavy dreamless slumber.

We must now return to Philæ—on the fifth day after Lepidus so hurriedly left it.

Septimius was still alive. A scanty allowance of bread and water was daily furnished him, and his bonds had been somewhat loosed, but he had not seen the light of day since his capture, and his heart sank within him in hopeless despondency. Release seemed impossible, rescue hopeless;—he could see no way out of his calamities but by death. He had never seen or spoken to any one since his capture; invisible were the hands that had relaxed his bonds, and invisible the attendants who supplied his daily food.

Petamon had been stirring here, there, and everywhere, rousing priests and people, reminding them of old wrongs and old memories, and urging them to join in one strong effort, and expel the Roman despots.

The news of Lepidus's proclamation had just reached the Island of Philæ. It was the turn of Sheshonk to officiate at the altar of Isis, and, while the incense was burning, he stood for a few moments wrapped in deep thought.

"Petamon is crafty and wise," so his meditations ran; "but Rome is strong, and we can never resist her. Better swim with the flood of the river, and release that poor Centurion—and the gold, ay, the gold!—and the wrath of the gods, what of that? I have helped the trickery here for so many years that I hardly know whether there be gods at all. Petamon believes in them; but I am not Petamon. The gold is my god. I will save the youngster yet."

He mused for a few moments longer, and then proceeded briskly about his accustomed duties.

The evening closed, the night was half spent, and Petamon, who had been away all day—on what errand the reader may easily guess—had not returned, when Sheshonk stole silently up the stair with a bundle under his arm, and, touching the spring, entered the dungeon of Septimius. The weary-worn Centurion inquired in a languid voice who it was.

"A friend," whispered Sheshonk. "Hush, Sir Centurion, and harken. Lepidus, your second in command, has offered a thousand pieces of gold for your safe return; do you confirm the offer?"

"Ay, and add a thousand to it," answered the Centurion. "I have an old father in Rome, who values his son at that sum ten times told, spendthrift youngster though he be."

"Good," said the priest. "Petamon seeks your life, and in a few days will take it; you cannot be worse than you are, therefore you can lose nothing by trusting me—will you do so?"

"I will," said the Centurion.

A knife was drawn gently across the cords which bound him, and he stretched his limbs here and there with a delicious sense of recovered freedom. Cautiously the priest struck a light with flint and steel, and lighted a small lantern, after which he produced from his bundle a pair of huge hawks' heads, surmounted by the disk of the sun, with great glass eyes, and a pair of white disguises, such as the original captors of Septimius had worn. The Centurion eyed them with an amused smile, and muttering to himself "So much for the hawk demons," proceeded to array himself in the disguise, while Sheshonk did the same. This accomplished, the priest opened the door, and they cautiously descended the stair. They met a young priest, but at a whispered word from Sheshonk he bowed and passed them by. They entered a small chamber on the west side; the priest touched a mark on the floor, and a trapdoor opened at their feet, showing a long, dark stair. Down this they slowly made their way, the priest stepping for a moment to draw a heavy bolt on the under side of the trapdoor to impede pursuit. After some time the Centurion heard a rushing of water above him, the passage grew damper and damper, and the priest in a whisper explained that they were passing under the bed of the river. In a little while they again ascended a high flight of steps, another trapdoor opened at the touch of Sheshonk, and they emerged in a small temple on the Island of Snem, now called Biggeh. The priest silently opened the door, and they stole out. The fresh breeze was blowing from the north, and Septimius, raising for a moment the choking weight of the hawk's head, let the air play about his temples, and then, at a warning sign from his companion, replaced the mask.

The moon had set and the night was almost dark. Cautiously picking their steps they crossed the island, and found at the other side a small skiff lying at anchor, and two swarthy Nubian rowers in attendance; a few words passed between them and Sheshonk.

"We must wait," he said, "till the day breaks; they dare not pass the cataract by night. Sleep if you can, and I will watch."

Septimius was too glad of the permission; he had slept but ill in his dungeon, and, taking off the heavy mask, he buried his head in his garments, and fell fast asleep.

In a few hours the morning broke, and, ere the sun was risen, Sheshonk and Septimius were on board the boat. The rowers pulled stoutly at their oars, and they soon neared the cataract, whose roar became louder as they advanced. Before them lay a stretch of the river, fenced in on either hand with desolate rocky hills; here, there, everywhere, in the course of the stream jutted out the heads of cruel black rocks, round which the water foamed and raced like the stream of a milldam. On sped the boat. The Centurion shut his eyes and held his breath; the current caught them; they were hurried helplessly along for a moment, stern foremost, and were on the point of being dashed upon a rock, when a dexterous stroke of one of the oars righted them; a rush—a tumult of waters—dashing spray and the roar of the current for a moment, then the boat floated again in calm water and the danger was past.

In a few moments they reached the Roman encampment. The Nubians, at a word from Sheshonk, pulled away up the stream, while the two hawk-headed ones hurried through the camp, to the no small wonderment of several drowsy sentries.

Lepidus was just awakening with the weary disheartened feelings of one who dreads impending misfortune, when the flap of his tent-door was thrown back, and the sleepy officer fancied he must still be dreaming, when he saw a strange hawk-headed phantom rush into the room.

It was no phantom, as he found to his cost, for it hugged him close in its arms, while its huge beak left a dint on his face that he bore till his dying day, and a voice—the voice of Septimius—issued forth, hollow sounding, from the depths of the mask—

"Dear, dear, old Lepidus. I never thought to see your sulky face again."

There was little time for greeting and congratulations. Sheshonk was urgent on them to complete their work, and, ere long, the legionaries, their fears dispelled by the reappearance of the gay young Centurion, hastened again across the desert to Philæ, burning so hotly to wipe out the insult that had been offered to the Roman name that they never felt the sun.

Several boats were lying at the shore, and while Lepidus, with the main body of the men made for the stairs upon the northern side, Septimius and a few chosen followers, under the guidance of Sheshonk, crept along under the western wall in a small boat, and reached the secret door. It opened, obedient to the touch of the priest, and silently they mounted the stair—they met the other party in the great Hall of Columns; the island seemed deserted—no living thing was to be seen.

Sheshonk's eye twinkled.

"Five hundred golden pieces for Petamon's head!"

"Ay, and five hundred more," said Septimius.

The priest beckoned them on. They entered the sacred chamber where Petamon had kept his vigil on that memorable night, and Lepidus half shuddered as he looked round at the familiar paintings on the wall. The altar was prepared and the fire burning on it. The priest advanced and set his foot heavily on one side of the step in front. Suddenly altar and step, solid though they seemed, rolled away noiseless to one side, disclosing a dark passage beneath. In a moment the Romans leapt down, Lepidus, hastily lighting a torch at the altar fire as they did so. The passage led them to a small room in the thickness of the wall, and, throwing in the light of his torch, he saw the arms and accoutrements of the two murdered soldiers, and the fetters that had bound Petamon lying in a corner. Here the passage apparently terminated abruptly, but the priest raised a stone in the roof with his hand, and they crept up through the narrow aperture thus opened. A strongly barred wooden door was on their left. They shot back the bolts and the door opened, revealing a small cell hewn out of one solid stone, with no aperture save the door for the admission of air; the light of day never has penetrated those gloomy recesses. The cell was untenanted, but a heap of human bones at one corner told of the uses to which it and been applied.

Shuddering they closed the door, and upon Sheshonk touching another spring, a square aperture opened, through which they glided, serpentwise, into another of the sacred chambers, and gladly hailed the light of day as it glimmered faintly through the door.

They searched the whole temple, but in vain; secret chambers they found more than one; even the dungeon of Septimius was opened, but nothing was discovered, and even the bloodhound sagacity of Sheshonk seemed for a moment at fault.

But his eye soon brightened, and muttering to himself "five hundred pieces of gold," he led them through the court under the high painted pillars, and opening a door in one of the sides of the pyramidal gateway, proceeded up a long narrow stair. Suddenly a rustle of garments was heard above them, and they caught sight of the robes of Petamon, his leopard-skin cloak and his golden fringe, as he fled before them. The two Romans dashed after him like grayhounds on a hare, but as they reached the top of the staircase Septimius stumbled and fell, and so checked the pursuit for an instant. In a moment he recovered himself, but in that instant Petamon, casting back on his pursuers a glance of baffled malignity, sprang from the tower, and in another moment lay, dashed upon the pavement of the hall, a shapeless mass, while his blood and brains were splashed over the gay painting of the pillars.

The soldiers and Sheshonk, horror-struck, hastened down, and were standing beside the body,—Lepidus had just recovered from the finger of the priest the signet-ring that he had lost, and was in the act of drawing the roll of secret orders from his bosom,—Sheshonk had raised his head-dress and was wiping the perspiration from his brows, when suddenly, from aloft—it almost seemed from Heaven—a sharp dagger was hurled with unerring aim. It cleft the bald skull of the traitor, and he fell, with scarcely a groan, on the top of Petamon's corpse.

The Romans looked up; no one was to be seen. With a party of soldiers they searched the huge gateway towers, but, without a guide, such a quest was hopeless, and they never traced the hand from which the dagger came.

Their main object was accomplished. Petamon was dead, and with him expired all chances of a revolutionary outbreak. Sheshonk was dead, too; but, as Lepidus said, *that* saved the good gold pieces.

The same evening they returned to Syene, and next day the camp was broken up, and the Cohort embarked on the river and floated down to rejoin the garrison at Memphis.

Little more need be said. In six months Septimius and Lepidus left Egypt for good, and when they were fairly out of sight of land they seemed to breathe more freely.

"I owe you many a good turn, Lepidus, old boy," said the Centurion; "but I'll never admit, to the end of time, that Apis would not have made splendid beefsteaks."

"Whoever said he wouldn't?" retorted the other, his grim features relaxing into a smile; "only I think it would need a braver man than either you or I to eat them under the nose of old Petamon."

No doubt a good deal more interesting conversation would have followed, but the wind at this point freshened, the sea began to rise, and the two Romans became deplorably sick.

Spiritualism at the White House.

Probably many of our readers have seen in the daily papers a telegraphic denial, in guarded terms, of a reported spiritual soiree at the White House. Probably they are also desirous of seeing the report of the soiree in question. As it is rather amusing, we give it as follows—neither vouching for nor denying its authenticity:

[Correspondence of the Boston Gazette.]

WASHINGTON, April 22, 1863.

A few evenings since Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, was induced to give a spiritual soiree in the crimson room at the White House, to test the wonderful alleged supernatural powers of Mr. Charles E. Shockle. It was my good fortune, as a friend of the medium, to be present, the party consisting of the President, Mrs. Lincoln, Mr. Welles, Mr. Stanton, Mr. L——, of New York, and Mr. F——, of Philadelphia. We took our seats in the circle about 8 o'clock. For some half hour the demonstrations were of a physical character—tables were moved and the picture of Henry Clay, which hangs on the wall, was swayed more than a foot, and two candelabras, presented by the Dey of Algiers to President Adams, were twice raised nearly to the ceiling.

It was nearly nine o'clock before Shockle was fully under spiritual influence, and so powerful were the subsequent manifestations that twice during the evening restoratives were applied; for he was much weakened, and though I took no notes, I shall endeavor to give you as faithful an account as possible of what took place.

Loud rappings about nine o'clock were heard directly beneath the President's feet, and Mr. Shockle stated that an Indian desired to communicate.

"Well, sir," said the President, "I should be happy to hear what his Indian majesty has to say. We have recently had a visitation from our red brethren, and it was the only delegation—black, white or blue—which did not volunteer some advice about the conduct of the war."

The medium then called for pencil and paper, and they were laid upon the table in sight of all. A handkerchief was then taken from Mr. Stanton, and the materials were carefully concealed from sight. In less space of time than it has taken me to write this, knocks were heard and the paper was uncovered. To the surprise of all present it read as follows:

"Haste makes waste, but delays cause vexations. Give vitality by energy. Use every means to subdue. Proclamations are useless; make a bold front and fight the enemy; leave traitors at home to the care of loyal men. Less note of preparation, less parade and policy talk, and more action.

"HENRY KNOX."

"That is not Indian talk, Mr. Shockle," said the President. "Who is Henry Knox?"

I suggested to the medium to ask who Gen. Knox was, and before the words were from my lips the medium answered in a strange voice, "The first Secretary of War."

"Oh, yes, Gen. Knox," said the President, who, turning to the Secretary, said: "Stanton, that message is for you; it is from your predecessor.

Mr. Stanton made no reply.

"I should like to ask 'Gen. Knox,'" said the President, "if it is within the scope of his ability to tell us when this rebellion will be put down."

In the same manner as before his message was received:

"Washington, Lafayette, Franklin, Wilberforce, Napoleon and myself have held frequent consultations upon this point. There is something which our spiritual eyes cannot detect which appears well framed. Evil has come at times by the removal of men from high positions, and there are those in retirement whose abilities should be made useful to hasten the end. Napoleon says concentrate your forces upon one point; Lafayette thinks that the rebellion will die of exhaustion; Franklin sees the end approaching, as the south must give up for want of mechanical ability to compete against northern mechanics. Wilberforce sees hope only in a negro army.—KNOX."

"Well," exclaimed the President, "opinions differ among the saints as well as sinners. They don't seem to understand running the machine among the Celestials much better than we do. Their talk and advice sound very much like the talk of my Cabinet—don't you think so, Mr. Welles?"

The lights, which had been partially lowered, almost instantaneously became so dim that I could not see sufficiently to distinguish the features of any one in the room, and on the large mirror over the mantelpiece there appeared the most beautiful though supernatural picture ever beheld. It represented a sea view—the Alabama with steam up, flying from the pursuit of another large steamer. Two merchantmen in the distance were seen partially destroyed by fire. The picture changed, and the Alabama was seen at anchor under the shadow of an English fort, from which an English flag was waving. The Alabama was floating idly, not a soul on board, and no signs of life visible about her. The picture vanished, and in letters of purple appeared:—"The English people demanded this of England's aristocracy."

"So England is to seize the Alabama?" said the President. "It may be possible; but Mr. Welles, don't let one gunboat or Monitor less be built."

"We've done our best, Mr. President," said Mr. Welles. "I'm maturing a plan which, when perfected, I think, if it works well, will be a perfect trap for the Alabama."

"Well, Mr. Shockle," remarked the President, "I have seen strange things and heard rather odd remarks, but nothing which convinces me, except the pictures, that there is anything very heavenly about this. I should like, if possible to hear what Judge Douglas says about this war."

"I'll try to get his spirit," said Mr. Shockle; "but it sometimes happens, as it did to-night in the case of the Indian, that though first impressed by one spirit, I yield to another more powerful. If perfect silence is maintained, I will see if we cannot induce General Knox to send for Mr. Douglas."

Three raps were given, signifying assent to the proposition. Perfect silence was maintained, and after an interval of perhaps three minutes, Mr. Shockle rose quickly from his chair and stood up behind it, resting his left arm on the back, his right thrust into his bosom. In a voice such as no one could mistake who had ever heard Mr. Douglas, he spoke. I shall not pretend to quote the language. It was eloquent and choice. He urged the President to throw aside all advisers who hesitate about the policy to be pursued, and to listen to the wishes of the people, who would sustain him at all points if his aim was, as he believed it was, to restore the Union. He said there were Burrs and Blennerhassetts living; but that they would wither before the popular approval which would follow one or two victories, such as he thought must take place ere long. The turning point in this war will be the proper use of these victories. If wicked men in the first hours of success think it time to devote their attention to party, the war will be prolonged; but if victory is followed up by energetic action, all will be well.

"I believe that," said the President, "whether it comes from spirit or human."

Mr. Shockle was much prostrated after this, and at Mrs. Lincoln's request, it was thought best to adjourn the trance, which, if resumed, I shall give you an account of.

☞ The subject of impression at first sight was being talked over at tea-table, when the lady who presided said that she always formed an idea of a person at first sight; and that idea, she found, was generally correct. "Mamma," said her youngest son, in a shrill voice that attracted the attention of all present. "Well, my dear," said the fond mother, "what do you want?" "I want to know," said Young America, "what you thought *when you first saw* ME?"

PROSPECTUS FOR 1863.

THE

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The Publishers of THE POST take pleasure in announcing that their literary arrangements for the coming year are of a character to warrant them in promising a feast of good things to their thousands of readers. Among the contributors to THE POST we may now mention the following distinguished authors:—

MRS. HENRY WOOD,

Author of "THE EARL'S HEIRS," "EAST LYNNE," "THE CHANNINGS," &c.

MARION HARLAND,

Author of "ALONE," "THE HIDDEN PATH," "MIRIAM," &c.

AND

VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND,

Whose Domestic Sketches are so greatly admired.

During the coming year THE POST will endeavor to maintain its high reputation for CHOICE STORIES, SKETCHES and POETRY. Special Departments shall also be devoted as heretofore to AGRICULTURE, WIT AND HUMOR, RECEIPTS, NEWS, MARKETS, &c.

TERMS: CASH IN ADVANCE.

1 copy, one year,	$2.00
4 copies, one year,	6.00
8 copies, one year, (and one to the getter-up of the club,)	12.00
20 copies, one year, (and one to the getter-up of the club,)	28.00

A SPLENDID PREMIUM.

WHO WANTS A SEWING MACHINE?

To any one sending thirty subscriptions and $60, we will give one of Wheeler & Wilson's celebrated Sewing Machines, such as they sell for $45. The machine will be selected new at the manufactory in New York, boxed, and forwarded free of cost, *with the exception of freight.*

In procuring the subscribers for this Premium, we of course prefer that the 30 subscribers should be procured independently of each other, at the regular terms of $2,00 for each subscriber. Where this cannot be done, the subscribers may be procured at any of our club rates, and the balance of the $60 forwarded to us in cash by the person desiring the machine. The subscribers may be obtained at different Post-offices.

Every person collecting names for the Sewing Machine Premium, should send the names with the money as fast as obtained, so that the subscribers may begin at once to receive their papers, and not become dissatisfied with the delay. When the whole number of names (30) and whole amount of money ($60), is received, the machine will be duly forwarded.

☞ Sample copies of THE POST sent gratis.

Address

DEACON & PETERSON,
No. 319 Walnut St., Philada.

P. S.—Editors who give the above one insertion, or condense the material portions of it for their editorial columns, shall be *entitled* to an exchange, by sending us a marked copy of the paper containing the advertisement or notice.

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SANITARY COMMISSION DEPARTMENT

Sick and Wounded Soldiers.

FROM A CORRESPONDENT.

What is to become of a poor sick man when he arrives in a great city, without money and without friends? When the boat comes up to the wharf, and he sees the lusty strong ones make a great rush for the shore, leaving him lying with his companions in misery, with no strength even to ask what is to become of him, how surprised must he be, and how relieved of anxiety, when a kindly voice tells him everything is arranged for him, and a friendly hand helps him to rise, or if too weak to walk, brings a litter to carry him ashore.

The Sanitary Commission, by its agents, speaks with this kindly voice and lends a helping hand every evening when the boat arrives at Washington bringing its crowd of sick and well, discharged and furloughed, soldiers from the front.

I went to the wharf to-day to see the boat arrive. I waded through the frightful mud of that most forbidding part of the town. I tried to get out upon the pier, but the guard stopped me. Then I crossed over to the lodge of the Sanitary Commission, built there close by the wharf, to receive those too ill to be moved farther. I talked with the relief agent, found him an old soldier of twenty months' service, and fourteen engagements, and with a heart not hardened—full rather of sympathy for his old comrades. "Yes," he said, "I am glad to be here where I can do something for the soldiers, I know how they need help after they are discharged." The boat came up to the wharf presently, and a word from the "Sanitary" passed me by the guard, and we went upon the boat. Such a crowd! The boat was fairly loaded down, and all the passengers in blue! Such impatience to get ashore. But it must be restrained until the mail was landed. And then came a rush. It was not far from the starting time of the northern train, and in their haste to make it they all soon disappeared. But behind were left a score of poor, pale, feeble men lying on the floor, or on settees, or sitting in corners. The Commission's messenger, who makes every trip with the boat, told us of the condition of each one, which could walk and which must be carried. My friend, the agent, told them ambulances were in waiting, and that all would be cared for at the "Home," and they passively acquiesced. So they were carried on stretchers or helped to hobble out, and they and their baggage were, after considerable contrivings, stowed comfortably away in the ambulances. Two were put on litters, and one on a mattress, but the others could sit up on the seats. They seemed to be afflicted in many ways, but when I say they were "discharged" at the front, we may be very sure that none were very strong.

They arrived safely at the "Home," and I saw them later being put to bed or eating a comfortable supper at "that excellent institution."

This account of an Alert Club in Ohio may stimulate some of our Pennsylvania girls to do the same kind of work in their respective towns; and in this way provide funds for sewing circles.

JUVENILE AID SOCIETIES.

We are constantly receiving letters from little girls and young misses, inquiring what they can do to aid the soldiers, and to what work their juvenile organizations can best be devoted. In our opinion there are many things which young ladies can do far better than older ones in this cause, nor need their efforts be confined to making pincushions and rolling bandages. The time and talents of the young ladies and misses may be most profitably employed in the work of collecting subscriptions, planning entertainments, &c., for the benefit of the older society, and as the young ladies of Norwalk have adopted what seems to us a splendid, as it certainly is a successful plan of assisting the parent society of their town, we have begged to give it to the kind consideration of the young ladies of other societies connected with us, hoping to enlist their activity by so excellent an example.

ALERT CLUB, NORWALK.

The main object of the Alert Club is to furnish the Soldiers' Aid Society with funds to carry on its operations. For this purpose the members have got up and sustain by their own personal efforts, two monthly subscriptions. One of twenty cents per month among the ladies, and another among the gentlemen, of any sum per month which each subscriber chooses to place against his name. They also collect a quarterly subscription which was in existence before the club was formed. Their meetings are held twice a month. The village is divided into ten districts. Each district has four collectors; two for the "ladies' monthly" and two for the "gentlemen's monthly." These collectors go with their subscription papers to every subscriber immediately after the first Monday of every month, and on the following Saturday render their accounts to the Treasurers of the club, who examine them and record the result in each case, and pay over the sums collected to the Treasurer of the parent society.

The quarterly subscriptions is collected by two members of the club, who also pay in the amount collected to the Treasurer of the parent society. All these collectors are appointed by the club, and hold their offices for one year. At their meetings they make slippers, piece quilts and quilt them, and perform such other services as their officers or the parent society may suggest. But the main object of their association being *the collection of funds*, they are not expected to burden themselves by other labor.

The club, has a President, Secretary, two Treasurers, Directresses, and thirty-eight Collectors.

The amount collected by the Alert Club, since September 1st, 1862, at which time it was formed, is as follows:—$180.90 from Gentlemen's Monthly; $266.72 from Ladies' Monthly; $112.50 from Quarterly Subscription; total, $560.12. This result in a village of only about two hundred inhabitants, and no really wealthy men among them, reflects great credit upon the young ladies comprising the club, as well as upon the subscribers who are the recipients of their monthly visits.

DONATIONS.

PHILADELPHIA, June 7th, 1863.

The Women's Penn. Branch, United States Sanitary Commission, No. 1307 Chestnut street, acknowledge the receipt of the following donations in hospital supplies since the last report:—

12 pairs socks, Mrs. Wm. Griffits, 1011 Clinton street.

Clothing and delicacies, Ladies' Aid Society, Stroudsburg, Anna Maria Stokes.

Clothing, Mrs. D. Spackman, and Mrs. Williams.

Clothing, Northwest Soldiers' Aid Society, Miss Chase, Secretary.

Clothing, All Saints Church, Torresdale, Mrs. James C. Fisher.

Package of pamphlets, Mrs. Stone, 306 Pine street.

Clothing, Mrs. Jos. Cabot, 1106 Spruce street.

1 box, Williamsburg, Blair county, Mrs. Harriet M. Kennedy.

1 box, Ladies' Aid Society, Pottstown, Pa., Sophia Richards, Secretary.

1 box fans, 187 bottles Cologne water, Church of the Holy Trinity.

2 boxes, Soldier's Aid, Montrose, Pa., Miss E. C. Blackman, Secretary.

Books, pamphlets, paper, Mrs. Henry Wharton, Phila.

Package of rags, Mrs. Thomas Lee, Phila.

1 package clothing, Mrs. Johnson's Sewing Society, School House Lane, Germantown.

Clothing, Kennett Aid Society, Kennett Square, Chester county, Pa.

1 box, Attleboro, Bucks county, Pa.

1 box, Erwinna, Bucks county, Pa., Mrs. A. E. Smith, Secretary.

1 box dried apples, Union Relief, Norristown, Mrs. Henry C. Hill.

1 package, St. Luke's Church, Mrs. Isabella James, Secretary.

1 box, Lock Haven Aid Society, Mrs. I. F. Barton, Secretary.

Delicacies, Mrs. Emerick.

Clothing, Soldiers' Aid Society of St. James's Church, Phila., Miss Green, Secretary.

Clothing, delicacies, Springfield Aid Society, Delaware county.

1 box, Wilkesbarre, Luzerne county, Pa.

1 box clothing, Ladies' Aid, Mehoopany, Wyoming county, Pa.

3 boxes, Hebrew Women's Aid, Phila., 254 South Twelfth street.

1 box, Bloomsburg, Columbia county, Pa.

1 package dried fruit, J. R. Claghorn, Phila.

1 package dried fruit, A. Ritter, Phila.

2 felt hats, Mrs. Budd, Phila.

Clothing and delicacies, Miss Nixon.

Delicacies, Mrs. Joseph W. Johnson, Jr., 1828 Wallace streets.

Hospital stores, Soldiers' Aid, Allentown, Lehigh county, Pa., C. Wright.

Mrs. Alfred Jessup, clothing, pamphlets, Walnut street.

Delicacies, J. and J. McMullin.

Clothing, etc., Mrs. Warner Johnson, Germantown.

1 barrel, 1 box, Espy, Columbia county.

4 boxes, Ladies' Aid, Reading.

2 pkgs. clothing and delicacies, Mrs. Sarah Stapler, Dolington, Bucks county, Pa.

Clothing and delicacies, First Pres. Church.

Clothing, etc., Ladies' Contributing Aid, Moyamensing, E. H. Haven.

Linen and reading matter, Miss Dunlap.

1 box, 1 keg hospital stores, Mrs. H. M. Darlington, Kennett Square.

Lot of packing boxes, Gillette & Scott.

490 copies of Saturday Post from Mrs. B. H. Moore.

RELIGIOUS MEETING IN CHESTER COUNTY.—The "Progressive Friends" have been holding a series of meetings at Longwood, Pa., during the last half of last week. The meeting on Sunday, the 7th inst., was the regular weekly meeting, and it and the others were all crowded. Oliver Johnson, of New York, opened the proceedings with appropriate readings from the Scriptures, and announced the object of the gathering. Interesting addresses were made by Theo. D. Weld, of Perth Amboy, N. J., Rev. Hiram P. Crozier, of Long Island, Mrs. Frances D. Gage, lately arrived from Port Royal, Rev. Wm. Bradley, who has given up the pastorship of a Unitarian church to aid the Freedmen, Mrs. Caroline M. Rollins, of New York, Mrs. Alcina Wilhelm, of New Jersey.

Meetings were held in the open air when the meeting-house was over crowded.

Testimonies were adopted on Slavery, the Rebellion, Complexional Distinctions, Duties to Freedmen, and Sanitary Reforms. A Memorial for immediate emancipation was drawn up to be sent to Congress. Other subjects were introduced and discussed, and the interest was fully as great as during the past ten years.

Dinner was spread beneath the trees, and all united to partake. Mrs. Gage received many contributions to aid her while in the South among the colored people, in teaching and elevating them.

The proceedings will be published as usual in pamphlet form. Arrangements were made for holding the next annual meeting.

☞ A newspaper correspondent, writing, of the Oldtown Indians, says: A young lady of the tribe one day in the cars was asked by a rowdy if she would like to marry a white. "No," was her ready reply, "because good white men don't want to marry me, and poor scamps like you I wouldn't have." The rowdy left at the next station.

☞ The famous saying of Will Shakspeare that there is a divinity which shapes our ends, is exemplified in the employment of thousands of pretty girls in Massachusetts who are making gentlemen's boots.

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS,

No. 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, June 13, 1863.

Alabama	30 dis.	Mississippi,	—
Canada.	44 prem.	Missouri,	3 dis.
Connecticut,	½ dis.	New Brunswick,	25 prem.
Delaware,	par.	New Hampshire,	½ dis.
Dist. of Columbia,	½ dis.	New Jersey,	par to ½ dis.
Florida,	— dis.	New York City,	½ dis.
Georgia,	40 dis.	New York State,	½ dis.
Illinois,	3 dis.	North Carolina,	30 dis.
Indiana,	½ to 5 dis.	Nova Scotia,	17 prem.
Iowa,	1 dis.	Ohio,	½ dis.
Kansas,	—	Pennsylvania,	par to ½ dis.
Kentucky,	½ dis.	Rhode Island.	½ dis.
Louisiana,	20 dis.	South Carolina,	20 dis.
Maine,	½ dis.	Tennessee,	10 dis.
Maryland,	½ to 1 dis.	Texas,	—
Massachusetts,	½ dis.	Vermont,	½ dis.
Michigan,	1½ dis.	Virginia,	50 dis.
Minnesota,	—	Wisconsin,	2 dis.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of

H. DEXTER, 113 Nassau St., N. Y.
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HENRY MINER, Nos. 71 & 73 Fifth St., Pittsburg.
JOHN P. HUNT, Masonic Hall, Pittsburg.
GEO. N. LEWIS, 28 West Sixth St., Cincinnati.
A. GUNTER, No. 99 Third St., Louisville, Ky.
JOHN R. WALSH, Chicago, Ill.
McNALLY & CO., Chicago, Illinois.
JAMES M. CRAWFORD, St. Louis, Missouri.

Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

Dr. Radway's Cleansing Syrup,

Called Renovating Resolvent, is the most extraordinary medicine for the cure of all skin diseases, Humors, Sores, Chronic Diseases, Scrofula, Rickets, Sore Legs, Swellings of the Glands, Syphilitic Diseases, in the world. One bottle of this remedy will make more pure blood, and add greater clearness to the skin than a dozen bottles of the most popular Sarsaparillas. Infants afflicted with sore heads, "breakings out," cankers, &c., are cured in a few days. One to six bottles will cure the worst cases of skin diseases.

"Sold by Druggists."

THE VOLUNTEER'S FRIEND.

Every one should be provided with a bottle of Perry Davis' Vegetable Pain Killer.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—The demand for Flour continues very light; some 9000 bbls have been disposed of at $5,50@6 for common and good superfine; $6,12@7 for low grade Western and good and choice city mills extras; $6,45@7,25 for extra family, including 3000 bbls good and selected family Ohio at $7@7,25; 2000 bbls fancy do at $7,50@8,50. Rye Flour comes in slowly, and meets with a limited demand at $5 ℔ bbl. Corn Meal is more inquired for, and Pennsylvania Meal is scarce and wanted at $4 ℔ bbl; about 2000 bbls Brandywine sold, part at $4,12½ ℔ bbl, and part private.

GRAIN—The demand for Wheat is only moderate, with sales of about 60,000 bus to note, mostly for shipment, at $1,48@1,59 for good and choice Western and Pennsylvania reds, chiefly at $1,48, afloat, and from $1,50 to $1,65 for common to good and choice white, the latter for Kentucky, in store. Rye comes in slowly, and Pennsylvania sells at $1. Corn is rather better, and the receipts, some 35,000 bus, all sold at 86@87c, for yellow, in store and afloat; inferior at 75@85c; Western mixed at 84@85c, and white at 86@88c. Oats are in request, and all offered, about 50,000 bus, sold at 74@76c.

PROVISIONS—There is very little movement in bbld Meats at $14@14½ for Mess Pork, and $12@15 for Western and city Mess Beef. Beef Hams sell at $17½ ℔ bbl. Of Bacon the sales are mostly confined to bagged Hams, within the range of 10@12c, and Shoulders at 5½@6c. Green Meats are less inquired for and dull, with sales of Hams in pickle at 8½@9½c; salt do at 7@7½c, and 100,000 lbs bulk Shoulders at 4½c ℔ lb. Lard is quiet at 10@10½c for bbls and tcs, and 11½@11¾c for kegs. Butter is in moderate demand at 15@20c for Penna and Ohio, and 22@24c for choice New York. Cheese is firm at 11@12c ℔ lb, the latter for New York dairies. Eggs are scarce and worth 18@19c ℔ dozen.

COTTON—The market has been firmer and more active, with sales of 300 bales, partly speculative, at 55@57c, and 60 bales by auction at 48@54c, cash, closing firm but quiet at 56@57c ℔ lb for middlings.

ASHES are firmer, and for Pearls prices are rather better.

BARK—Quercitron continues dull and neglected; 1st No 1 is offered at $35 ℔ ton. Tanners' Bark is arriving and selling more freely; we quote Chestnut at $13@14, Spanish at $17@18, and Peach Oak at $10 ℔ cord.

BEESWAX is steady at 45@46c ℔ lb.

COAL—Orders come in freely, and the market for this staple is firm, with a good demand to go east at fully former rates.

COFFEE continues dull and unsettled, and the sales confined to 300@400 bags, in small lots, mostly Rio, within the range of 28@31½c, cash and time.

COPPER continues dull. For Yellow Metal prices are unchanged.

FEATHERS sell slowly, and Western are quoted at 45@47c ℔ lb.

FRUIT—There is little or nothing doing, the season for the sale of dried Apples and Peaches being over.

HAY is rather firmer, and good Timothy is selling at 85@95c the 100 lbs.

HEMP—There is little or no stock here, and the market is dull.

HOPS sell slowly, and command 20@24c ℔ lb for good eastern and western.

IRON—There is no new feature in the market for Pig Metal, and a limited business to note at $30@35 for the three numbers of Anthracite, cash and 4 months. Scotch Pig is also dull at $35. Blooms continue scarce. A sale of Scrap Iron was made at $42. In Bars and Rails the sales are mostly of the latter, and prices are looking up.

LEAD is dull and unsettled, and we hear of no sales. Galena is offered at 8½@8¾c ℔ lb.

LUMBER—The receipts and sales are moderate, and the market firm at $22@24 for White Pine; $21@22 for Yellow Sap; $12@13 for Lehigh Boards; $11 for Scantling, and White Pine Shingles at $18@24 ℔ M.

MOLASSES—The market is firm and moderately active, with sales of 900 hhds Cuba, at 35@46c for Clayed and Muscovado, on time.

PLASTER comes in slowly, and meets with a limited demand at $4@4½ ℔ ton.

RICE—The market is quiet. Rangoon is quoted at 8½@8¾c with sales of 250 bags at 8¼@8½c ℔ lb.

SEEDS—There is very little Cloverseed offering or selling, we quote it nominally at $5@5,50 ℔ bus for common to prime. Timothy is also quiet at $1,50@1,75, and Flaxseed $1,75@2,40 ℔ bus.

SPIRITS—Brandy and Gin are firm but quiet, and the sales limited. N. E. Rum sells as wanted at 66@67c. Whiskey is getting scarce, and holders are firm in their views; bbls have been sold to some extent at 45@45½c; small lots 46c; drudge at 43½@44½c, and hhds at 44c. A sale of Alcohol is reported at 87c.

SUGARS are firm at the advance, and the demand is more active, with sales of 1100 hhds, mostly Cuba, at 10½@11¾c; Porto Rico at 11½@12½c, and New Orleans at 11½@12¾c, on the usual terms; about 300 boxes also sold at 11½@11¾c, on time.

TALLOW—Very little doing in the way of sales, and we quote City at 11@11½c ℔ lb.

TOBACCO is very inactive, and the sales are confined to a few small lots low priced Leaf and Manufactured.

WOOL—The sales are confined to a few small lots low and medium fleece, mostly the old clip, taken at 65@70c; fine do at 71@72c, and unwashed at 42@45c ℔ lb.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 915 head. The prices realized were from 9 to 13 cts ℔ lb. 150 Cows brought from $25 to 35 ℔ head. 4200 Sheep were sold at from 5 to 5½c ℔ lb gross. 570 Hogs at from $7,00 to 7,75 ℔ cwt.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

At Marcus Hook, Pa., June 5th, 1863, by the Rev. Geo. Quigley, Mr. ASAD WAKELEE, to Miss PRISCILLA L. LATHROP, both of Susquehannah county, Pa.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. J. H. Kennard, Mr. THOMAS MONFORD, to Miss ELIZABETH SPROLLS, both of this city.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. R. J. Carson, Mr. JOHN SIMPSON, to Miss HARRIET SMART, both of this city.

On the 4th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Jones, Mr. GEORGE W. COX, to Miss SALLIE ROBINSON, both of this city.

On the 18th ultimo, by the Rev. J. C. Clay, D. D., Mr. AUGUSTUS A. CALDWELL, to Miss SALLIE M. FORTESCUE, both of this city.

On the 4th instant, by the Rev. Wm. H. Wood, Mr. ALFRED L. DUNCAN, to Miss ELLEN CUCKLE, both of this city.

On the 4th instant, by the Rev. Jas. Cooper, Mr. JAMES SHAW, to Miss ESTHER S. RODENBAUGH, both of this city.

On the 8th instant, by Chaplain White, U. S. A., Mr. JOHN L. DIX, to Miss SARAH B. SHINN, both of the Convalescent Hospital.

At Pottstown, on the 10th instant, by the Rev. Dr. May, GEORGE RICE, to BELLE H. daughter of the late Henry Potts, Esq.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 9th instant, Mrs. MARY STERR, wife of Geo. Sterr, Sr. in her 79th year.

On the 9th instant, ENOCH C. BREWSTER, Esq.

On the 8th instant, WILLIAM HAYES, in his 36th year.

On the 8th instant, at his residence in Moorestown, N. J., EDWARD HARRIS, in his 64th year.

On the 8th instant, ROBERT V. MASSEY, in his 69th year.

On the 7th instant, Mrs. SAMUEL CARR, daughter of the late Mrs. Kent.

On the 7th instant, Mrs. SARAH J. DARNELL, relict the late Henry Y. Darnell, in her 78th year.

On the 6th instant, ELIZABETH GOULD, wife of Morgan Gould, aged 86 years.

On the 6th instant, Mrs. CHARLES A. MYERS, in her 28th year.

On the 5th instant, ELIZABETH SAILER, relict of the late John Sailer.

On the 5th instant, ANDREW HUSTON, in his 43d year.

WHEELER & WILSON'S SEWING MACHINES,

AT REDUCED PRICES.

OFFICE 505 BROADWAY, N. Y.

NEW YORK, November, 1861.

The curtailment of litigation expenses, consequent upon the recent decisions of the United States Courts, which confirm the validity of our patents and interdict their infringement, enables us to benefit the public by important reductions in the prices of our SEWING MACHINES. They are now sold with *valuable improvements* at the following reduced

PRICES:

No. 1 MACHINE, SILVER PLATED, with	
Full Case, Polished Rosewood,	$100,00
Half Case, Polished Rosewood,	80,00
Half Case, Paneled, Black Walnut,	70,00
Plain Table,	65,00
No. 3 MACHINE, PLAIN, with	
Half Case, Polished Black Walnut or Mahogany,	$55,00
Half Case, Paneled,	50,00
Plain Table,	45,00

The **HIGHEST PREMIUM** has been awarded for the **WHEELER & WILSON SEWING MACHINES**, at the **WORLD'S FAIR**, now being held in London, England, with all other Sewing Machines in competition.

[The number 3, plain table, (worth $45) of the above list, is the machine we are now offering as a PREMIUM for THE POST—*see Prospectus*. We will arrange for either of the other machines manufactured by Wheeler & Wilson, at a proportionate increase of subscribers and money.

DEACON & PETERSON,
Publishers Saturday Evening Post.]

QUERY.

Why is it that CRISTADORA'S HAIR DYE is the best IN THE WORLD?

BECAUSE eminent chemists say so!
BECAUSE it contains no caustic compounds!
BECAUSE it wears longer than any other!
BECAUSE it operates *instantaneously!*
BECAUSE it does not stain the skin!
BECAUSE it nourishes and strengthens the Hair!
BECAUSE it corrects the bad effects of other dyes!
BECAUSE its presence cannot be detected!
BECAUSE IT NEVER FAILS!

Manufactured by J. CRISTADORO,
No. 6 Astor House, New York.

Sold everywhere, and applied by all Hair Dressers.

Price, $1, $1,50 and $3 per box, according to size

Cristadoro's Hair Preservative

Is invaluable with his Dyes, as it imparts the utmost softness, the most beautiful gloss, and great vitality to the Hair.

Price, 50 cents, $1 and $2 per bottle, according to size. je20-eow2t

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FOR THE

CARD PORTRAITS OF FRIENDS AND OTHERS.

For a list of kinds and prices we refer to the Saturday Evening Post of January 17—or any number for two months previous to that date. Or such a list will be forwarded by writing to DEACON & PETERSON,
319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Thirty cents a line for each insertion.

☞ Payment is required in advance.

UNITED STATES

FIVE-TWENTIES;

OR,

TWENTY-YEAR

SIX PER CENT. BONDS,

PAYABLE AT THE OPTION OF THE GOVERNMENT AFTER FIVE YEARS.

I am instructed by the SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY to receive Subscriptions for the above

LOAN AT PAR,

THE INTEREST TO COMMENCE FROM DATE OF DEPOSIT,

AND IS

PAYABLE IN GOLD, AT THE MINT,

OR THE SUB-TREASURY OR DEPOSITORY OF THE UNITED STATES,

On the first day of May and November of each year.

AT THE PRESENT PREMIUM ON GOLD THESE BONDS YIELD ABOUT

EIGHT PER CENT. PER ANNUM.

A full supply of these Bonds always on hand.

JAY COOKE,
SUBSCRIPTION AGENT,
No. 114 S. THIRD STREET.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

On and after JULY 1st, 1863, the privilege of converting the present issue of LEGAL TENDER NOTES into the NATIONAL SIX PER CENT. LOAN (commonly called "Five-Twenties") will cease.

All who wish to invest in the Five-Twenty Loan must, therefore, apply before the 1st of July next.

JAY COOKE,
SUBSCRIPTION AGENT,
ap4-13t No. 114 S. THIRD ST., PHILADA.

Palmer's
PATENT LEG & ARM.
1609 and 378 CHESTNUT ST.
PHILADELPHIA.

B. FRANK PALMER,

SURGEON-ARTIST TO THE MEDICAL COLLEGES AND HOSPITALS; AUTHOR OF NEW RULES FOR AMPUTATIONS; INVENTOR OF THE "PALMER ARM," LEG, &c., has removed to

THE STONE EDIFICE,

No. 1609 Chestnut St., Philada.—1609.

THREE SQUARES WEST OF THE OLD STAND.

This Establishment, erected at great expense, for the business, combines every possible comfort and facility for Surgico-Artistic operations.

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Pamphlets, which contain the *New Rules for Amputations*, and full information for *persons in want of limbs*, sent free to applicants, by mail or otherwise.

The attention of Surgeons, Physicians, and all persons interested, is most respectfully solicited.

All former partnerships have expired by limitation. Address

B. FRANK PALMER, Surgeon-Artist,
oc16-1y 1609 Chestnut St., Philada.

AN ELEGANT CURE FOR THE HAIR.

Premature Loss of the Hair, which is so common now-a-days, may be entirely prevented by the use of

PHALON'S COCIN,
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FOR THE HAIR.
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Principal Depot 517 Broadway, New York. For sale by all fancy dealers and grocers.

SMALL BOTTLES 30 CENTS.
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TO PRESERVE AND IMPROVE THE HUMAN HAIR.

The only article discovered for promoting the health and strength of the Hair, and giving the Hair a rich and glossy appearance, is PHALON & SON'S COCIN, and we recommend all to buy it.—*Philadelphia Press.* my23-3m

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All orders for GOVERNMENT SECURITIES promptly attended to.

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Collection of NOTES, DRAFTS, &c., made in all the Loyal States and Canada.

DRAFTS furnished on all accessible points.

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R. DOLLARD,
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Premier Artiste
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HAIR.

Inventor of the celebrated GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPACES. Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy.

For Wigs, Inches.	*Toupees and Scalps, Inches.*
No. 1.—The round of the head.	No. 1.—From forehead back as far as bald.
" 2.—From forehead over the head to neck.	" 2.—Over forehead as far as required.
" 3.—From ear to ear over the top.	" 3.—Over the crown of the head.
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He has always ready for sale a splendid stock of Gent's Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizots, Braids, Curls, &c., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention. nov6-eowly

"NOSES."—THEIR SIGNIFICANCE.—Illustrated with engravings of the Roman, Grecian, Indian, Negro, Celestial, Aqueline, Turn-up, and Pug-Noses, with the character revealed by each. EYES—blue, black, or gray. LIPS—thin and pale, or full and red, prim or pouting, scolding or loving. MOUTH—large or small. HAIR—light or dark, coarse or fine, straight or curly. CHEEKS—thin or plump, pale or colored. TEETH—regular or irregular. EARS—large or small. NECK—long or short. SKIN—rough or smooth. All to be amply illustrated with engravings. The walk, talk, laugh and voice, all indicate character. We may know an honest face from a dishonest one, and we will show how. Besides the above, we shall treat on ETHNOLOGY, or the Natural History of Man; of PHYSIOLOGY, and the Laws of Life and Health; of PHYSIOGNOMY, or Signs of Character, and how to read them; of PHRENOLOGY, the Philosophy of Mind; and of PSYCHOLOGY, the Science of the Soul. Man, with reference to all his relations of life, social, intellectual, and spiritual, and what each can do best, will be elucidated in the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL AND LIFE ILLUSTRATED. New volume commences July 1st. A handsome quarto monthly, at only $1,50 a year. Sample numbers, 15 cents. Please address FOWLER AND WELLS, 308 Broadway, New York. je13-3t

SPECIAL NOTICE.

CHLOASMA, OR MOTH PATCHES AND FRECKLES.

Blemishes on the face, called Moth, are very annoying, particularly to ladies of light complexion, as the discolored spots on the skin show more strongly on blondes than on brunettes, but they contribute greatly in marring the beauty on either; and anything that will remove moth patches without injuring the skin in texture or color, would no doubt be considered a great achievement in medical science. Dr. B. C. PERRY, 49 Bond Street, New York, having devoted his whole time and attention to Diseases of the Skin, will guaranty to remove Moth Patches, Freckles and other discolorations from the face without injury to either texture or color of the skin. His success in this, as in other branches of his speciality—DISEASES OF THE SCALP and LOSS OF HAIR—will warrant him in guarantying a CURE IN EVERY CASE. For particulars address, enclosing stamp,

DR. B. C. PERRY,
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DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT WHISKERS OR MUSTACHES?—My ONGUENT will force them to grow heavily in six weeks (upon the smoothest face) without stain or injury to the skin. Price $1—sent by mail, post free, to any address, on receipt of an order.

R. G. GRAHAM,
109 Nassau St., New York City.

Wit and Humor.

ANECDOTE OF MUNGO PARK: THE FAMOUS TRAVELLER.

Park served an apprenticeship in a doctor's drug-shop in Selkirk, and during his study of physic-compounds, the following little episode, which we had from a venerable doctor of medicine, occurred:—

An old well-known burgher stepped into the shop one day, and, looking in an excited manner at the boy, said:

"Mungo, is the doctor in?"

"No, sir."

"Oh, Lord! and I'm nearly dead wi' the toothache."

"But I'll draw the tooth for you, if you wish it drawn."

"You, callant? Did ye ever draw ony teeth afore?"

"Yes, I have, sir."

"Faith, I'll rather come back again and see the doctor than lippen ye!"

The old gentleman went off, and, ere long, he returned with the old question:

"Mungo, my man, is the doctor in now?"

"No, sir; he's not come yet."

"What am I to do? I'm nearly daft wi' the pain. Mungo, are ye perfectly downright sure ye've drawn teeth before this?"

"I really have, sir," said the boy.

"Then get the nippers, and take out mine. Now mind!—take care—be canny."

The youth extracted the tooth, and after the old gentleman got over the shock it caused, and found himself relieved, he complimented him on the skill he had shown—and then asked him how many teeth he had drawn before operating on himself.

"Only thirty-two," said Mungo.

"Thirty-twae! Faith, I think it's a guid *only*. Where in the world did a' the folk come frae?"

"Oh, I took them all out of one man's mouth."

"That was dreadfu'! I wonder the man let ye pull them."

"He couldn't prevent me."

"How?"

"Because he was dead."

The old gentleman sprang from his seat, ejaculated "Mercy on us!" and hurriedly left the shop.

OLD BARTEY AND HIS EXCUSE.

Old Bartey Willard was a wheelwright by trade, and, though an excellent workman, was remarkable for procrastination. He would promise over and over again, with as little scruple, and as many "positively lasts" as a theatrical star. Having pledged his word to a very urgent customer, for the third time, that he would have his cart done by a certain day, Bartey again failed to keep his engagement, and, on the arrival of the owner, the cart was still unfinished.

"Well," said the customer, "you have got my cart done this time, of course?"

"Yes," said Bartey, "I have done the work, and supposed it was quite ready for you, when I discovered that I had made an unaccountable mistake that will put me back a fortnight."

"Ah, indeed," said the customer, "what's the trouble?"

"Why, you see," said Bartey, with gravity, and an air of extreme vexation, "you see I have made a mistake—I never made such a blunder in my life—I have committed the ridiculous mistake of making both wheels for the same side; they are both off wheels!"

"Is it possible?" said the customer, who was thoroughly mystified, and so allowed Bartey another fortnight to finish the cart.

A New Mode of Begging.—The Courier de Paris tells the story of a beggar who presented himself regularly at a certain coffee-house with a clarionet under his arm. "Will you allow me, gentlemen," said he, in an humble tone of voice, "to play a tune?—I am no *virtuoso*, and if you prefer giving me a trifle, I will spare you the annoyance of listening to me." Every one felt at once for a few stray coppers, and the musician departed with a profound reverence. This he repeated several evenings in succession. At last, one evening, a young man, who had never failed to contribute to the wants of the itinerant musician, asked him in a friendly manner to give them a tune, let it be good or bad; he wanted to hear him.

"But I am afraid, sir, I shall disappoint you."

"Never mind that, give us a tune."

"But I am a very poor player, and I have a very poor instrument."

"No matter for that, I want to hear you."

"Well, sir, since you insist upon it," said the poor man, "I will tell you that I don't play at all. I carry this clarionet merely for the purpose of *threatening* people with my performance."

☞ "I wish," said the slight and elegant Mrs. Fitzbob to her friend Mrs. Tigg, whose embonpoint was strikingly handsome, "I wish I had some of your fat and you had some of my lean." "I'll tell you what is the origin of that wish," replied the fair wit, "you think too much of me, and too little of yourself."

☞ A very scarce flower—The pink of politeness.

THE MEDICINE TESTER.

John Hews was ready for fun, and never wilfully missed an opportunity for a laugh. He was once employed in a drug-store on Market street, and one day a youth, fresh from the country, entered and asked for a job.

"What kind of a job?" asked John.

"Oh, a most anything. I want to get a kind o' genteel job. I'm tired of cuttin' wood, and can turn my hand to most anything."

"Well, we want a man—a good strong fellow—a sample clerk. Wages are good; we pay a man in that situation a thousand dollars."

"What has a feller got ter do?"

"Oh, merely to test medicines, that is all. It requires a stout man, one of good constitution, and after he gets used to it he don't mind it. Before we dare sell our medicines we always try them. You will be required to take six or eight ounces of castor oil some days, with a few drops of rhubarb, aloes, croton oil, quinine, strychnia, and similar preparations—try the strength of cowage by spreading it between the sheets in warm weather, and try the quality of sandpaper by rubbing yourself down with it. You can count on from twelve to fifteen doses per day.* As to the work, that don't amount to much; the testing department would be the principal labor required of you; and as I said before, it requires a strong, healthy man to endure it. We should like to have you take right hold; if you say so, we'll begin to-day."

"Well," replied our child of nature, "I don't care much."

John stepped back into the store, followed by his brother clerks and the victim. He reached from a shelf a box of Sedlitz powders, and taking therefrom a blue and a white paper, mixed them separately with water in two glasses.

"Now drink this, and that immediately afterward, and inform me as to their respective tastes."

Unsuspecting innocence complied with John's request, when horror of horrors! what a sight was there! Nothing could equal the grotesque figure cut by the victim. He swelled up like a toad until one would have thought he was about to burst. From his widely opened mouth ran rivers of foam. He gasped for breath, threw his arms into the air, twirled round on his heels, flew in behind the counter among the glass jars, etc., and amidst the crash of broken ware, and the uproarious laughter of the lookers on, he fell to the floor and roared like a lion. John then gave him a mixture which brought instant relief, and the poor fellow once more stood among the clerks with such a woebegone expression that it caused another outburst from John and his friends. The man becoming indignant was about to leave the store, when John accosted him with—

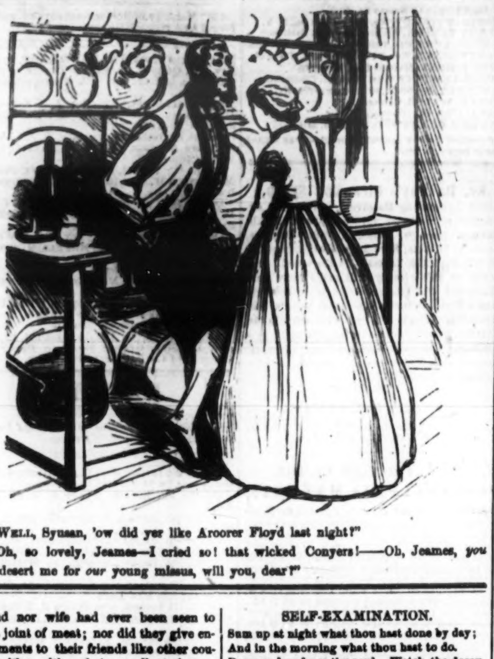
"Here's a barrel of castor oil—I'll just draw an ounce, and—"

"No, no; I guess not to-day, anyhow. I'll go down to the tavern and see my Aunt Tabitha; and if I conclude to come, I'll come to-morrow and let you know."

As he did not return, it is supposed he considered the work too hard.

Singular Freak of Two Women.

In 1731, a girl named Mary East was engaged to be married to a young man for whom she entertained the strongest affection; but upon his taking to evil courses, or, to tell the whole truth, being hanged for highway robbery, she determined to run no risk of any such disappointment from the opposite sex in future. A female friend of hers having suffered in some similar manner, and being of the like mind with herself, they agreed to pass for the rest of their days as man and wife, in some place where they were not known. The question of which should be the husband was decided by lot in favor of Mary East, who accordingly assumed the masculine habit, and under the name of James How, took a small public-house at Epping for himself and consort. Here, and subsequently at other inns, they lived together in good repute with their neighbors for *eighteen years*—during which neither experienced the least pang of marital jealousy—and realized a considerable sum of money. The supposed James How served all the parish offices without discovery, and was several times a foreman of juries. While occupying the *White Horse* at Poplar, however, his secret was discovered by a woman who had known him in his youth; and from that time the happy couple became the victims of her extortion. First five, then ten, then one hundred pounds were demanded as the price of her silence, and even these bribes were found to be insufficient. At last, however, the persecutor pushed matters too far, and killed the goose that laid such golden eggs. James brought the whole matter before a magistrate, and attired, awkwardly enough, in the proper garments of her sex, herself witnessed against the offender, who was imprisoned for a considerable term. Exposure, however, of course followed upon the trial, and the *White Horse* had to be disposed of, and the landlord and landlady to retire from public life into retirement. After thirty-four years of pretended matrimony, Mrs. How died; the disconsolate widower survived long afterwards, but never again took to himself another spouse. Neither husband nor wife had ever been seen to dress a joint of meat; nor did they give entertainments to their friends like other couples; neither, although in excellent circumstances (having acquired between three and four thousand pounds,) did they keep manservant or maid-servant, but Mary East served the customers and went on errands, while her wife attended solely to the affairs of the house.



"Well, Syusan, 'ow did yer like Aroorer Floyd last night?"

"Oh, so lovely, Jeames—I cried so! that wicked Conyers!—Oh, Jeames, *you* won't desert me for *our* young missus, will you, dear?"

MENDING AND DARNING.

Most of our fair readers have a decided aversion to that part of their duty which falls under the "patching and darning" denomination. They are of opinion that "a rent may be the incident of a day; a darn, premeditated poverty." But if they only knew how pretty a well executed piece of repair looks, when you see in its warp and woof the bright threads of economy, and independence, and womanly thrift, crossing and recrossing one another, they would lay aside embroideries and crotchet work, and take up instead the mending basket.

We rode down town the other day, when the only other occupants of the stage were a young gentleman and a lovely girl of, we should think, about eighteen. She was the prettiest, freshest looking girl one would want to see—there were no tell-tale traces of midnight parties and head-achy mornings in those peach blossom cheeks and clear, bright eyes; and all the numberless little items of her dress were as fresh and trim as she herself—from the pink bonnet strings down to the neatly fitting gloves and delicate gaiter boots. If we had been an old bachelor or a young one either, we would certainly have fallen in love with that girl, particularly after we had discovered that she was as industrious as pretty. And how do you suppose we found it out? The handkerchief that lay in her lap told us so. The neat little darn, elaborately executed, in its corner, with the small white stitches and skillful handiwork, had a tongue quite audible to our ears. Time, and patience, and wise economy had been there. The gentleman sitting opposite saw the little token also; we noticed his eye turning from the handkerchief to the blooming face, and back to the handkerchief again, and we knew perfectly well what he was thinking of—the good wife that young lady would make, and how neat her husband's cravats and stockings would be! Poor fellow, the edges of his shirt bosom were a little frayed, and one or two buttons were missing, whose detection the most skillful arrangement of his cravat ends could not conceal. Perhaps he had a wife who didn't believe in mending and darning—perhaps he had none at all. However that may have been, his admiring eyes appreciated the darn on the handkerchief more than if it had been the richest and most sight-destroying embroidery—not for what it was, but what it betokened.

Girls! don't shrink from a mended place as if it were a plague spot; the longer your old things last, the better able you will be to have new ones by-and-by. Sensible people read your character in little things; and nobody will think the worse of you, whatever may be your station in life, for the exercise of economy and thrift. A stitch in time saves nine, and sometimes it saves a great deal more than that.—*English paper.*

☞ An Irishman at South Deerfield being on his death-bed, as was supposed, on being informed by his physician that he would probably not recover, exclaimed, "An' sure, I'd rather give five dollars than die now."

☞ A man should always remember that stealing makes a thief of him.

SELF-EXAMINATION.

Sum up at night what thou hast done by day;
And in the morning what thou hast to do.
Dress and undress thy soul. Watch the decay,
And growth of it. If with thy watch, *that*, too,
Be down, then wind up both. Since we shall be,
Most surely judged, make thy accounts agree.
—*Herbert.*

☞ The most pure and exquisite pleasure which a man can experience, is at the moment when the girl of whom he is doubtful, confesses that she loves him.

Useful Receipts.

Hard Cements.—The following cement has been used with success in covering terraces, lining cisterns and uniting stone flagging:—Take 90 parts by weight of well-burned brick reduced to powder, and 7 parts of litharge, mix them together and render them plastic with linseed oil. It is then applied in the manner of plaster; the body that is to be covered being again previously wetted on the outside with a sponge. When the cement is extended over a large surface it sometimes dries with flaws in it, which must be filled up with a fresh quantity. In three or four days it becomes firm.

Rheumatism.—The following receipt for the cure of rheumatism was published some time ago in the Country Gentleman:—

"Bathe the parts affected with water in which potatoes have been boiled, as hot as can be borne just before going to bed; by the next morning the pain will be much relieved, if not removed. One application of this simple remedy has cured the most obstinate rheumatic pains." Several persons have recently testified to the value of the above remedy.

A Bread and Butter Pudding.—Cover the bottom and sides of a deep dish with moderately thick slices of bread, thinly spread with butter, and then fill the dish with any kind of sweetmeats. Over this place another layer of bread and butter, and let the dish stand until the bread is thoroughly soaked with the syrup. Make a custard and pour it over the whole. Bake for about twenty minutes, and after it is cold turn it out on the dish on which it is to be served. Send to the table with a hot liquid sauce.

Good Way of Cooking Onions.—It is a good plan to boil onions in milk and water; it diminishes the strong taste of that vegetable. It is an excellent way of serving up onions, to chop them after they are boiled, and put them in a stew pan, with a little milk, butter, salt and pepper, and let them stew about fifteen minutes. This gives them a fine flavor, and they can be served up very hot.

Carbonate of magnesia is recommended as sure to remove grease spots from silk. It should be spread above and below the spot, which should then be exposed to the sun.

The Queen of Puddings.—L. E. Palmer, Luzerne county, Ill., contributes the following to the American Agriculturist, and challenges any housekeeper in the country to any mode of preparing a more delicious light pudding:—One pint of nice, fine bread crumbs to one quart of milk, one cup of sugar, the yolks of four eggs beaten, the grated rind of a lemon, a piece of butter the size of an egg. Bake until done but not watery. Whip the whites of the eggs stiff, and beat in a teacupful of sugar, in which has been stirred the juice of the lemon. Spread over the pudding a layer of jelly, or any sweetmeats you may prefer. Pour the whites of the eggs over this, and replace in the oven and bake lightly. To be eaten cold with cream. It is second only to ice cream, and for some seasons better.

Agricultural.

Hen Lice, and Gapes in Chickens.

I believe I have at last made a discovery, that is very important to the poultry interest of the country, a fact that I wish all the poultry raisers to know, I therefore send it to your widely circulated paper for publication. I set it down for granted some years since, that if hatching hens could be kept from what is called hen lice, or midges, the chicks would not take the gapes or pips, and to prevent that, I have found by frequent experiments that to kill the lice off the hens as soon as they come off with their young broods, is a sure preventive to gapes in their chickens.

My mode, or that of my better half, is to take the hens as soon as they come off with their young, and with common lard or any old grease, saturate them well under their wings and along their sides, and slightly upon their backs, which will kill all the vermin on them, and also off the chicks. Care should be taken not to put on too much, as it will lay the down on the chicks, or mat it so that they are liable to perish in the cool of the morning.

My theory of the cause of the gapes is this, that the vermin from off the old hens get on the chickens and crawl into their nostrils and are thence transformed into the gape worm that is afterward found in the windpipe of the chicken and produces the gapes. In this opinion I may be mistaken, but one thing is sure, viz: keep the vermin off the chickens and they will never get the gapes. The same remedy we have tried with our turkeys, with entire success.—*Ohio Farmer.*

GOOD TILLAGE IS MANURE.

The Germantown Telegraph says farmers do not generally realize the fact, that good, clean tillage is about equal to an application of manure to lands cultivated slovenly. We all know how much larger crops we realize in the garden than upon the farm, just from the superior attention paid to it in cleansing the ground of all noxious vegetation, and frequently hoeing and otherwise stirring the soil. The Genesee Farmer makes some useful remarks on this subject, as follows:

"We must, more than ever before, realize the fact that '*tillage is manure*'—that the literal meaning of the word 'manure' (*manus*, hand, and *ouvrer*, to work) is hand labor. To manure the land is to hoe, to dig, to stir the soil, to expose it to the atmosphere, to plough, to harrow, to cultivate. The ancient Romans made Siercutius a god, because he discovered that the droppings of animals had the same effect in enriching the soil as to hoe it. We can leave the modern method of manuring land to our Western farmers, while we go back to the original method of stirring the soil. Mr. Lawes has raised a good crop of wheat *every season* for over twenty years on the same land by simply keeping it thoroughly clean by two ploughings in the fall and by hoeing the wheat in spring by hand. The Rev. S. Smith, of Lois-Weedon, has for years raised successive crops of wheat by a process of trenching the land with a fork and by hand-hoeing. We do not advocate this system, but the *principle* is applicable to our case. We *can* manure our land by better tillage."

Removing Honey From the Hives.—Two years ago we tried the following experiment on a hive of bees, from which it was desired to take the honey:—Having bored a hole near the top of the hive, it was then inverted and an empty box of the size placed over it. Both are then lifted into an empty tub, into which water was slowly poured, allowing time for the liquid to penetrate through the holes, but not too fast, in order to avoid drowning the bees. As the water rose among the combs the bees found their way up into the empty box, which was then lifted off and placed on the bee stand. The box, full of water and combs, was then lifted gradually out of the tub, the water escaping through the holes which it entered. The whole operation occupied but a few minutes, and hardly any bees were lost. The short time necessarily prevented the honey from becoming dissolved, and, as the greater number of the cells are closed up, there is really little danger of such loss being sustained. After the water was drawn off, it was found to be only slightly sweet; these combs soon became dry, and the honey was in no way injured.—*Maine Farmer.*

To Prevent the Rotting of Wood.—In order to prevent the rotting of wood whenever it comes in contact with the ground, such as posts and piles; a certain paint is now used which has the hardness of stone, resists dampness, and is quite cheap. It is composed as follows: Fifty parts resin, forty parts finely powdered chalk, about three hundred parts of fine, hard sand, four parts of linseed oil, one part of red oxide of lead, and one part of sulphuric acid mixed together. The resin, chalk, sand and oil are heated together, and the red lead and sulphuric acid added. They are then carefully mixed and the composition is applied while hot, and when cold and dry forms a varnish the hardness of stone. If the mixture is too thick, add more linseed oil. A smaller quantity than the above can be made by using the parts in a reduced proportion.

The Riddler.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 48 letters.

My 1, 36, 27, 48, is necessary to obtain a livelihood.
My 31, 3, 32, 47, 30, 36, every person desires to enjoy.
My 8, 21, 12, 28, 38, is any incident.
My 4, 18, 9, 23, 24, is what every person should be.
My 41, 11, 23, 19, signifies the past.
My 10, 15, 39, 45, 37, 33, 46, 44, 4, is positive assertion.
My 2, 43, 39, 16, 36, 9, 41, is a narration.
My 40, 20, 23, 25, is a vegetable.
My 34, 5, 6, 7, will satiate.
My 13, 20, 17, 39, 42, 11, 14, the interval between the meeting and adjournment of an assembly.
My 42, 32, 35, 22, is not impaired.

My whole is an old proverb.

Miss ELLA S. PORTER.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 53 letters.

My 1, 2, 27, 15, 11, 38, 41, is a country in Asia.
My 3, 4, 7, 12, is not to lose.
My 5, 16, 38, 22, is not sweet.
My 6, 10, 17, 27, 41, is an appellation.
My 8, 29, 31, 46, 30, 13, 45, 14, is what we all are.
My 9, 24, 47, 50, 28, 20, 38, is a county in the "Old Dominion."
My 18, 50, 48, is a quadruped.
My 19, 37, 36, 52, 26, 27, is what most persons like, particularly when good.
My 21, 23, 50, 38, 50, 48, 33, 47, 51, is a group of singular plants.
My 26, 35, 49, 44, 27, commands a high price.
My 32, 40, 43, 42, 17, is a place of safety.
My 34, 35, 49, is a kind of juice.
My 39, 46, 8, 3, is a nickname.

My whole is what I advise all persons to do.

WILLIAM T. TOTTEN.

REBUS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My 1 is in the form of an ancient instrument of execution.
Add my 2 to an ear and it will make it hear.
My 5, 4, 3 is anger.
Before these place my 6 and it becomes dreadful.
My 7 and 6 you cannot distinguish.
My 9 and 8 my 8 will spell.
For my 10 leave off an article and end as you begin.

My whole is a most attractive column in the Post.

JAKIR.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My 1st is a nickname; my 2d is a kind of preserve; my 3d is a Latin preposition. My whole was a person mentioned in the Scriptures.

JOS. S. ROSS, Jr.

Richmond Place, Cincinnati.

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The abscissa and double ordinate of a parabola are to each other as 2 is to 3, and the greatest square that can be inscribed in it measures 18 feet, each side. Required—the dimensions of the parabola?

R. BARTO.

Fredericksburg, Lebanon Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Required—the size of a piece of land, in the form of a square, that the sum of the four equal sides measured in feet will equal the number of acres contained in the same?

JOHN H. ISENBERGER.

Appanoose, Hancock Co., Ills.

☞ An answer is requested.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ What is the diference between a mischievous mouse and a beautiful young lady? Ans.—One harms the cheese, and the other charms the he's.

☞ Why is the letter S like the Emancipation Proclamation? Ans.—Because it makes nigger snigger.

☞ What does nitre become when it is used in making gunpowder? Ans.—An *ig-niter.*

☞ Why is a laborer who is overworked by a mean employer like an ocean steamer? Ans.—Because he's propelled by a *screw.*

☞ Where is an eligible summer resort for babies? Ans.—The *Rockaway* Pavilion.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN OUR LAST.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA—W. S. Rosecrans, Cincinnati, Ohio. DOUBLE REBUS—Andrew Jackson, President of U. S. (Asp, Nemar, Dime, Reims, Erekli, Ward, June, Adrian, Cart, Kangaroo, Skiff, Oahu, Niers. RIDDLE—Memory. (Emory, Rome, O, Yore, More.) CHARADE—Nicholas. (Nick-o-lass.)

Answer to MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM by Verona, published May 2d, 20.030557065 miles.

Answer to PROBLEM by F. W. Hibbard, published May 16th. The numbers are 1771561 and 4826809. Artemas Martin, Venango county, Pa., E. Hagerty, Baltimore, and "Invalid."

E. Hagerty, Baltimore, thinks no regular solution can be given to Mr. Diefenbach's Problem of May 16th.

☞ A gentleman who had been spending the evening with a few friends, looking at his watch just after midnight, said, "It is to-morrow morning! I must bid you good-night, gentlemen."